for days of strain and sleepless nights

THIS IS THE TONIC YOU NEED

Remember this important fact:—

Failing health becomes more dangerous *the longer you leave it.* If you need a tonic – get it *at once* — don't delay!

The definite tonic properties of Dr. Cassells Tablets will strengthen you in body, hearten you in mind, feed your nerves, and improve every physical function. Dr. Cassells Tablets contain the finest tonic body-strengtheners, nerve tissue builders and digestives. These substances form the foundation of health and fully explain the happy results of taking this wonderful Tonic medicine.

AFTER ONLY A WEEK SHE FELT LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON

"I have suffered for months from nerve trouble, and have spent pounds on so-called cures, but with no good result. A friend recommended me to try your (Dr. Cassells) Tablets and to my great surprise I feel like a different person, and this after only one week's trial."
from M.D., Bolton.

NIGHT WATCHMAN says Dr. Cassells is certainly a wonderful medicine

"My nerves got very bad and I felt I should have to give up. I decided however to see what Dr. Cassells would do. I now feel as well as ever. They are certainly a wonderful medicine." *from J.W.H., Surrey.*

NO MORE INSOMNIA

"I could not sleep—used to be awake night after night. Now that I have benefited by Dr. Cassells Tablets I fall asleep as soon as I am in bed. They are a great blessing."
from Mrs. T., London, N.W.10.

TAKE Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

PRICES: 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8
(*Including Purchase Tax*)
THERE IS NO FINER, STRONGER, OR MORE RELIABLE TONIC IN THE WORLD

I teach the baker's wife a new washing method

by Home Front Correspondent

She now gets a big wash done 1½ hours sooner, saving fuel and labour. Her whites look snowy — and she never boils them.

THE other week a party of evacuees came to our village and I helped with the billeting. I settled three children with the wife of the baker. She's a splendid housewife and is very kind, so when I called to see her last Monday I didn't expect trouble.

But poor Mrs. B! There she was in a steamy kitchen with her arms full of clothes looking *so* harassed! "Whatever's the matter, Mrs. B?" I said. "Are the children too much for you?" "Oh, no," she said. "They're ever so good, but it's the *washing*. I don't know how ever I'll get through the boiling this morning, let alone the rest of the things!"

Poor Mrs. B! There she was in a steamy kitchen with her arms full of clothes looking so harassed!

At the word "boiling" I suddenly felt relief. "Look here, Mrs. B," I said, "I'll guarantee you will get all your wash done and on the line by lunch-time—if you'll let me show you *my* way. But I warn you —I don't believe in *boiling*."

Well, she agreed—though she wasn't too happy about it. And I sent her to the grocer's for a packet of Rinso.

In no time at all, we had put the less dirty whites to soak in a nice lather of Rinso suds and left them to heat up for 15 minutes. "What, don't you rub them?" she said. "No," I replied, "they will come perfectly clean without."

I had to laugh when I saw her face after we'd rinsed those pillow-cases and towels. "Well, I never," she said. "They're snowy. I wouldn't have believed it!"

Meanwhile I popped the dirty whites into the same Rinso suds for a 20-minute soak while she washed some coloureds through with Rinso in the sink. Less than an hour later we'd got all the whites and coloureds on the line.

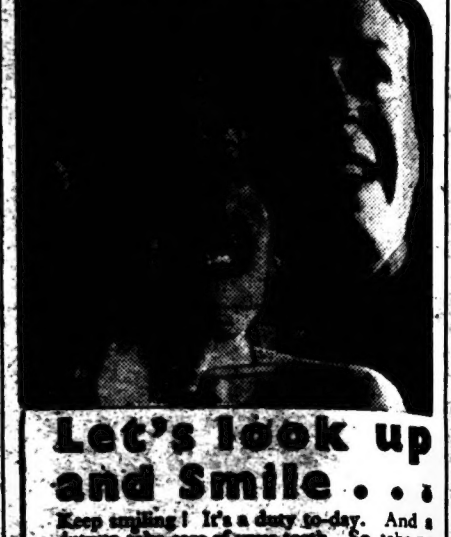
AND then I pointed out to her how the Rinso no-boil method saves more than time and labour. It saves fuel, too, because boiling eats up coal or gas. It has been proved you save half the coal or three-quarters of the gas you'd normally use.

But what Mrs. B won't discover till later is the way the Rinso method saves the clothes. You can get 6 to 8 months more service from household linens and 4 months more from shirts, when they're washed the no-boil way. I've proved it!

I saw Mr. B yesterday. He said he'd like to thank me for what I'd told his wife about the washing. "She gets through so soon now she's able to help me in the shop on Mondays—and that is something she never did even before the kiddies came."

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

R3048-132 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*



Let's look up and Smile . . .

Keep smiling! It's a duty to-day. And a duty to take care of your teeth. So take no chances with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whitening. They injure the thin enamel coating which prevents decay. Put yours to the trial. Grind a little between your front teeth. If you detect any gritty feeling, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely free from grit, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder, cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. & 1in.

Keep the winning

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d. & 1/3d.
BRUSH DENTIFRICE 7½d.
Including Purchase Tax.

Smile!

Why not get a Lovely Figure for Spring

TO be able to dress inexpensively and always look smart, get rid of that accumulated Winter fat. 'Slim while you sleep' with the aid of Bile Beans. In this safe, easy way you can reduce gradually until you become fashionably and healthily slim again.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and besides removing fat-forming residue daily, purify the blood and bring you a clear skin, bright eyes and radiant health.

So remember—if you want to wear your new Spring clothes with charm and distinction be sure and take Bile Beans regularly—just a couple each night.

7d., 1/5 & 3/5 (including Purchase Tax). Also obtainable in pennyworths.

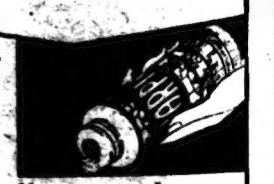
"Bile Beans have reduced my bust and hip measurement by four inches, and have made my figure so much slimmer that now standard dresses and coats fit me perfectly. Bile Beans have also given me a clear skin and keep me ever so fit."—Miss A.D., Cheshire.

By Nightly Taking

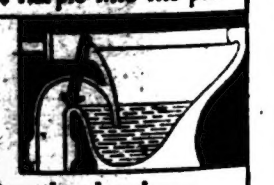
BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

1 Sprinkle Harpic into the pan



2 It reaches this bend...



3 Flush the pan. It's clean and sanitary.

IT'S good to know that the lavatory can be kept spotless easily and quickly just by Harpic. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl gleaming. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tin at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 29, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

SCANDAL

● **Keeping fire-watch on ten London shops was a youth of seventeen. Inspecting the roofs at dusk, he trod on a blackened skylight that looked like zinc.**

His fall of 25 ft. resulted in a broken arm, severe cuts on the back, and a chin injury that needed fourteen stitches and will scar him for life.

His clothes, newly bought, had to be cut away.

The Ministry of Home Security, after a month, cannot decide on his claim for compensation.

The U.A.B cannot help because his father earns £3 4s. a week. The Lord Mayor's Fund cannot assist because it is reserved for bomb victims.

Every day his mother has to advance his fares to hospital—plus a small donation for medical treatment.

His employer says that his job cannot be kept open any longer.

Other fire-watchers have been killed by similar falls.

JOHN BULL demands a pension for their dependants, compensation for the injured.

The most glaring defect in the fire-watching scheme must be remedied without further delay.

Go to It, Mr. Morrison!

Straight from the Shoulder

GERMANS FACE THE TRUTH

LIE-CHAMPION Goebbels is fighting a losing battle.

He has not succeeded in cheering on his countrymen by telling them how 50,000 frogs and toads have been sent to London "to ease the catering situation."

Germans have grimmer and more truthful news to talk about now.

And they *are* talking.

To-Day's Topic

In factories, in trains, in soldiers' canteens, in the home—everywhere they are discussing American Aid for Britain.

This is the shattering development reported by all neutrals who have left Germany in recent weeks.

Rift in Nazidom

The rift between the generations, that seemed closed after Hitler's successes last summer, is now wider than ever.

Even the fear of Gestapo snoopers no longer prevents the "over 35s" from recalling the facts of the last war.

They tell the "under 30s" what they remember of American intervention in 1917—and its effects.

Shattered Faith

They recall the jeers of German statesmen.

They tell how the people blindly believed the prophecies of Ludendorff and Hindenburg that Britain would be starved out within six months, that U.S. supplies would never reach France.

Above all, they relate how this assistance proved decisive on the battlefield in 1918.

Home Truths

Young Germans—soldiers, S.A. men, factory workers—have never heard the story before.

They do not like it. They threaten to report it to the Gestapo. But they listen—with anguished feelings.

Finally, their only fanatical answer is: "Heil Hitler!"

Blind Youth

Of course, they swallow the fantastic figures of U-boat sinkings. They believe that American aid will come too late.

They believe as their fathers believed twenty-four years ago. Which is just what their fathers now retort.

Now They Know

But Goebbels cannot dam the tide of scepticism that President Roosevelt's virtual entry into the war has released.

Even in Germany, public memory is not as short as the despots would wish.

Last autumn, Nazi propaganda declared that Isolationists would prevent further aid to Britain, that Willkie would become President, that the American public realised that Germany had already won the war.

Rough Seas Ahead

Such claims are remembered with derision.

Even soldiers, neutral travellers add, are now convinced that if Hitler is to win at all he must try to invade Britain.

They shrink from the prospect. Naturally—in view of what happened to many of their comrades last September.

Listening to foreign broadcasts is increasing.

"How can Germany win?" may soon be changed, to "How can Germany escape defeat?"

Break Their Nerves!

JOHN BULL does not doubt the truth of these reports.

But it would be foolish to expect a sudden collapse of German morale.

Before that can happen, Britain must win a great military success—not in Africa, but in Europe.

Perhaps, as a Minister told Parliament last week, our growing bomber force will soon make that success possible.

Proof Positive

British morale is not exposed to such dangers. It has never been higher. It could not be higher.

It was tested by a long series of defeats last year, by fiendish bombing. It has been confirmed by recent victories.

Only muddle and mismanagement could weaken it. Only timidity in leadership could destroy it.

Full Mobilisation

Since the disaster of Norway provoked us to throw out some timid leaders, we have been brilliantly led.

New orders by MR. BEVIN and the Board of Trade mean an end to much muddle that we tolerated too long.

At last we are preparing to use every man, every woman, every business, to maximum capacity.

Gaps in the Network

But first we must see that minor officials are as zealous as their superiors.

There must not be local flaws in the national organisation.

We cannot afford unemployment queues in one town and idle factories in another.

Still Waiting

A Plymouth woman volunteered for dockyard or munition work a year ago. She has reported to the exchange each week. But she is still waiting.

So is a Doncaster girl who sought munition work last April.

A Rotherham airman's wife, who has two children to care for, has sought a job for weeks. She is merely advised to join the A.T.S.

Wasted Workers

It may be argued that such cases present a false picture. Certainly thousands of women are being drafted into war service each week.

But not even a few willing and fit workers should be made to feel that they are unwanted.

Not even a few should have their morale assailed by idleness.

Useless Skill

Not a soldier must feel that he is wasting his time.

Supply chief for a great chain stores just failed to pass his "medical" as a pilot. So he joined the Army and trained as a radio operator

But since September he has not touched a wireless set. He has been too busy scrubbing floors and filling road holes.

JOHN BULL describes this case as a waste of experience. Britain cannot afford waste of any kind.

Trials for Tommy

Our troops are led by highly able generals. Are they all commanded by able colonels?

"Spit and polish" is necessary for discipline. But does it really increase a soldier's self-respect, his eagerness to fight, by making him use three shades of blanco, or to reprimand him for not keeping the crease in his trousers when wading through mud?

Again, such cases may not be typical of the general position.

But not even a few should be allowed to waste men's keenness.

No Hoarding!

An M.P. has echoed JOHN BULL's criticism of N.A.A.F.I. Minister for War Margesson answers feebly.

We repeat that the huge profits from Army canteens should be used for Army welfare, not left till after the war for Army charities.

We know that the troops would welcome this reform.

Muddle and Morale

Daring but cool leadership, smooth organisation, complete mobilisation—these will sustain perfect morale and ensure certain and perhaps swift Victory.

Muddle, we repeat, is the worst enemy of the nation's will to victory.

Germans must wish they could say the same!

(Continued overleaf)

AIR RAIDS!

A FREE POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

£3,450

MORE CLAIMS PAID

If you have not yet registered, the necessary forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

DRIVEN out by the Nazis, a Czech family came to Britain a year before the war.

The wife's brother, not so lucky, was tortured to death in a concentration camp because Ribbentrop coveted his castle.

In May, 1940, the family was classed as "alien." Father and one son were bundled off to Australia, another son sent to Canada, and a third interned here.

Cause for Complaint

Mother and daughter, interned in the Isle of Man, were eventually released. Then the third son was invited to join the Pioneers

Since January 17 the mother has been entitled to an Army allowance in respect of him. She hasn't received a penny.

That she remains staunchly pro-British seems a miracle of faith.

Perhaps she knows that many Britons also serve by waiting for payment.

Poverty in the Navy

Man called up for the Navy last October finished his training in December.

Since then he has had no pay, because his name "isn't on the ledger." But for a few shillings from home, he would not have had a cigarette for weeks.

Robbing Peter——

Soldier's wife who had a baby in January cannot get Army allowance in respect of it

Instead she is told that she has overdrawn 79s., apparently because she continued to draw 3s. a week "hardship money," though her husband had been granted 6d. a day proficiency pay.

Similarly, it often happens that a soldier loses money by accepting promotion—because his family's hardship allowance at once ceases.

Riches for Girls

Why are there so many Service pay scandals?

Answer may possibly be found in an advertisement for girls, aged fifteen to seventeen, wanted by Army pay office; wages, 15s. a week.

Long Service Reward

Shabby treatment has been given to a sergeant in the Royal Engineers who served seventeen years as a Territorial.

Transferred to the Royal Artillery, he thus loses his trade pay of 2s. 3d. a day.

Hardly an encouragement to tackle his new job with zest!

Injustice

Soldiers stationed in Essex have had their pay "docked" for barrack-room damage.

But some of them never use the barracks, being in private billets.

Imagine their feelings when their pay was stopped entirely last week!

So again JOHN BULL says to War Minister Margesson: Reform the whole rotten system of Army pay and deductions!

Double Penalties

He should also end this flagrant denial of a traditional principle of British justice:—

Soldiers fined by civil courts for careless driving are also fined by the Army authorities

One offence. Two trials. Two convictions. Two penalties.

Long, Long Trail

It seems a long time since Dunkirk—particularly to many Kent and Essex fishermen who lost their boats in that glorious hell, and are still awaiting compensation.

It *is* a long time.

Dilly-Dally Hudson

For next example of dilly-dally, look at Mr. "Bob" Hudson, Minister of Agriculture.

Asked what encouragement he's giving to local councils to prepare artificial manure from sewage, he says blandly: "None—pending the results of experiments."

The experiments seem belated. He ought to know that the scheme is a practical possibility, is already in progress in some districts. Why not everywhere?

First Things First

Supply cannot keep pace with the demand for urgent repairs to bombed premises. Yet both labour and materials are diverted to jobs that could be left till after the war.

Plans include bigger police stations, a new church at Woolwich, extensions to Manchester schools, rebuilding of hotels.

Surely the Ministry of Supply will ban them?

Builders' Harvest

It should also be aware of the arrant profiteering flourishing in bombed areas.

Reader who engaged a builder for repairs costing £7 was charged £20. Remonstrance brought this answer: "As the Government will pay, why should you worry?"

We'd like to worry that builder out of business.

Fleecing the Lodger

The profiteering landlady is also hoping for record business.

Naval officers, arms workers and evacuees have been given notice to quit by Clydeside householders, who openly say they expect to get double rent by "summer letting."

Billeting officers, please note.

Bevin's Big Stick

Employers are refusing to reinstate men discharged from the Services on medical grounds.

The Ministry of Labour has ordered all offenders to be prosecuted—and the penalty for failing to give a man back his pre-war job is a £50 fine.

No "Dole" Queues

Mr. Bevin is considering one big difficulty arising from this regulation.

Scores of thousands of men will leave the Army to find their old firms closed down by the restriction-of-industry order.

Probably the Government will undertake direct responsibility for finding them work.

Coventry Asks for More

Scores of readers have written to complain that, though thousands have left Coventry since the blitz, food supplies are still too meagre for those who remain

They assure us that food is plentiful in near-by districts. Next, we expect readers in those districts will tell us that food queues are also common in *their* towns.

The more letters we receive, in fact, the clearer it becomes that food distribution is generally unsatisfactory, and that further extensions of rationing are urgently necessary.

Delay and Impudence

Just as plain is the never-ending incompetence of our railways.

A Cheshire woman saved for weeks to send a fine birthday parcel to her soldier son, stationed in Kent. He did not receive it.

After weeks of inquiry, it has been found at a station miles away from the one to which it was addressed.

Impudently, the company expects the soldier to get leave somehow to fetch it. Brazenly they add a threat that otherwise additional charge will have to be paid for warehousing and carriage!

A Railway Custom!

From Cheshire, too, we learn that often two L.M.S. lorries arrive together at a factory to deliver a few small parcels that an errand boy could comfortably carry on a bicycle.

There is still petrol to waste, evidently.

Gas-Masks in Pawn

School inspection of gas-masks is a good principle.

But the mother of three East Anglian youngsters, whose masks were found to be defective, has been told that, unless she sends the money for repair, the masks will not be returned.

Not so good.

Wealth Abounding

Mid-Devon hotel, "no sirens," offers a double room at 11 guineas a week, and adds, strangely, "No extra charge to members of H.M. Services."

Advertisement for a housemaid states: "Three in family; eleven servants kept."

So Sir Kingsley Wood needn't wonder if the limit of taxation has yet been reached.

Quite Enough

Bed-ridden Mr. W. S. Royston, of Warrington, told in a recent "Voice of the People" letter of his difficulties in getting birdseed for his pet canary.

Now he issues another SOS: Don't send him any more; he's received 120 parcels of seed and 200 letters from kind-hearted readers, to whom he expresses his gratitude.

Idle Gardens

Thousands of houses are fully furnished but not occupied, their owners having gone to reception areas.

Gardens remain idle, their weeds multiply.

They should be requisitioned for allotments.

Behind the News

● **British chemical industry is capturing vast overseas markets, formerly held as German monopolies through subsidised cut-price methods.**

● *Foreign buyers are realising that not only can Britain deliver the goods, but supply superior quality—especially chemical fertilisers, dyes and drugs.*

● Fearing further sabotage to eastern munitions manufactures, Nazis have now segregated Czech scientists and research workers. No two of them are allowed to work in the same laboratory; each is paired off with a Nazi. Result—from the German point of view—is most disappointing.

● **Axis leaders, furious at General Franco's refusal to toe their line, are intriguing with the powerful Carlist and other Monarchist factions to put Prince Don Juan on the Spanish throne.**

● *But Franco is quietly defeating German moves. Nazi "push" of so-called technicians in Morocco and the re-establishment of the Consulate-General in Tangier have been met by giving more powers to Moorish and Arab leaders of armed tribes who hate Nazi-Fascism.*

● Other parties in Spain, including Republicans, are helping to improve Anglo-Spanish relations. Recent British contracts for mercury and several hundred thousand cases of oranges are enthusiastically approved—as are the real money payments received.

● **One of the worst German headaches in occupied territory is the shortage of businessmen. So, from Norway to France, many sources of supply have become mere trickles; disorganisation threatens the whole European business system.**

● *Thousands of local Nazi leaders are showing fear as the "quick and final victory" fails to materialise. Those in occupied countries know they are marked down for retribution after the war.*

● U.S.A. is not only giving Marshal Chiang the 'planes and munitions he needs, but has lifted the ban on air force and technical volunteers for the Chinese armies.

● **Japan has been so drained by the profitless China war that she is trying to use Thai (Siamese) currency abroad, offering several trade advantages if it is pegged to the yen instead of the pound as at present. More than 70 per cent. of Siamese money is invested in Britain and America.**

● *Without pressure from Washington, U.S.A. interests have cancelled many large orders for Japan. This moral boycott covers most of the war needs Japan hoped to get from America.*

BEVIN and the BUNNIES

THERE is a flutter in the feminine dovecots. There is a scurry in the male rabbit warrens.

For Ernest Bevin in on the war-path. He is the cat among the pigeons. We hope he will also be the ferret in the burrows.

Ordering the registration of girls of twenty and twenty-one and of men of forty-one and forty-two, this Labour Minister of Labour said he was resolved that no man in this country should be permitted to do any job, *either in the Services or in industry*, which could be adequately filled by a woman.

Splendid! We approve his intentions. We welcome a nearer approach to total mobilisation of the nation's man-power.

BUT . . . JOHN BULL has one question to ask Mr. Bevin, which we have put to the Government more than once before, and which remains unanswered.

THIS IS OUR QUESTION: WHAT DOES HE PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT THE FIT MEN OF MILITARY AGE WHO ARE DELIBERATELY EVADING MILITARY SERVICE?

Other people are echoing this question, both in and out of Parliament.

Mr. Profumo, Conservative Member for Kettering, says that there are still great numbers of men who ought to join up, but who are hiding behind the cloak of reserved occupations.

He said that he could lay his hands on some of these artful dodgers. So could we. There must be tens of thousands of them.

The Minister of Labour probably knows this as well as we do. He has even promised to comb through the reserved list again.

So far, so good. But let him see to it that this time the official comb has all its teeth.

Reservation ages have been varied and will be again. Apart from this, the country has been assured that no group age limit will be allowed to protect men who are not strictly indispensable.

But thousands of them are being thus protected. Some factories are "stiff" with "cushy Cuthberts"; some official, or semi-official warrens are alive with "rabbits."

This is a national scandal, and it is becoming intolerable.

We call upon Mr. Bevin to put an end to it. If he fails to do so, volunteer enthusiasm will be undermined, and compulsion bitterly resented.

We wish to make it plain that we have no objection to the call up of young women.

PROVIDED THERE BE NO CLASS FAVOURITISM; PROVIDED THAT SINGLE WOMEN ARE TAKEN BEFORE THE MARRIED ONES, AND CHILDLESS WOMEN BEFORE MOTHERS, JOHN BULL AGREES THAT MR. BEVIN IS MEETING THE NEED FOR ADDITIONAL WORKERS IN THE ONLY WAY OPEN TO HIM.

It is to be noted, however, that there is already some talk of penalties to be imposed upon *girls* who may try to evade National Service. What about the *men*?

Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., who is a member of the Women's Consultative Committee, has said that, if they find a girl trying to "dodge the column," she hopes that a test case will be brought, and that the punishment will be a heavy one.

As to that, we think that the best and most fitting penalty for all shirkers, male and female, is to force them into the service which they have tried to dodge.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

We should be less lenient with those employers who have actually encouraged the evasions. A test case of this sort would be well worth bringing, and, if the facts were proved, the punishment should be exemplary.

JOHN BULL is satisfied that the facts could be proved, and, for Mr. Bevin's information, we shall now mention some instances of flagrant evasion which have been brought to our notice by readers in all parts of the country.

They fall into three classes.

Firstly, there are the born "bunny rabbits," who dived for cover at the first hint of danger.

Most of our readers must know a few of these —young men who suddenly decided to transfer from their own "threatened" callings to a reserved occupation.

Some of them, with money, put up capital to become "partnership farmers." One bought a couple of old glass-houses and promptly became a market gardener.

Others, not so well off, found work as bricklayers, or picked up some sort of job in an engineering works or munitions factory.

We need not go into particulars. We simply state that, by one dodge or another, thousands of them "dodged the column" and are dodging it still.

The second class of "lead-swinger" includes the "fathers' and mothers' boys" who have found shelters beneath their parents' wings.

Thus, in a West Country town, two young men who had been in the printing trade since they left school were transferred within a fortnight of their call up, the one to his father's building firm, the other to a colliery where "Dad" had a good job.

In the dictionary you will find that this sort of thing—"wire-pulling" by influential relatives —is called nepotism.

THERE IS A LOT OF IT GOING ON AND, IF ONE WERE TO INCLUDE FRIENDS AS WELL AS RELATIVES, THEN, THE NUMBER OF CUTHBERTS STILL IN CUSHY JOBS THROUGH ITS INFLUENCE MUST BE VERY LARGE.

One of our readers, who works in a large ordnance factory, says that in his section of the works there seems to be one overlooker for every four workers; a senior overlooker in charge of every four or five ordinary ones; a chief foreman in every section with an assistant foreman trotting at his heels.

He says the place is swarming with young men "wandering about with pencils and papers, trying to look wise, and doing practically nothing."

And he believes that in nearly every instance these men have obtained their safe and "cushy" jobs through influence. Some of them; in fact, openly boast of their escape from unreserved occupations.

FROM many different sources we have received reports of the same kind.

Obviously there must be foremen, overlookers, assistant foremen and, perhaps, assisters to assist 'em, but the complaint that readers make is that so many of these men are not genuinely what they pretend to be. They are just dodgers.

THE THIRD CLASS OF "EVADER" IS MADE UP MAINLY OF YOUNG MEN WHO WERE ALREADY WORKING IN SOME RESERVED OCCUPATION WHEN WAR BROKE OUT, BUT WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO JOIN THE COLOURS LONG SINCE HAD THEY NOT BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY "PROMOTED."

In a certain large insurance company, for instance, we are informed that there are five clerks, the oldest about thirty-three, who have been registered as chief clerks or inspectors.

Actually they are nothing of the sort.

They are merely canvassers or inquiry attendants, but it appears that they were not only permitted to register in the reserved categories, but encouraged by their chiefs so to do.

If space permitted, we could multiply instances of this kind.

WE HAVE HEARD, FOR INSTANCE, OF A BUS COMPANY, ALMOST HALF OF WHOSE CLERICAL STAFF IS NOW REGISTERED AS DRIVERS, WHO ARE RESERVED AT TWENTY-FIVE.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are employers who, in their greedy anxiety to retain their own staffs, have not only winked at these evasions, but have connived in them.

Indeed, in this third class, we suspect that some of the "rabbits" acted under direct orders.

Be that as it may, "this practice must cease."

At present, when a man is called upon to register, he has to give particulars of the job he is doing now, but he does not have to say how long he has been doing it.

Apparently, when the girls are called up, those who wish to be exempted from service will be personally interrogated. Their excuses will be examined, and they won't be let off because they have been doing a little knitting or spare time defence work.

And JOHN BULL says that, if Mr. Bevin means exactly what he says, the time has come to examine, not only the present work of every fit man claiming exemption, but also his past record.

Deliberate evasion, in short, has got to be stopped.

The rabbits must be driven out of their warrens.

And every greedy employer should be looked upon as a common poacher on the national preserves.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

It's a Real Job

● Rather a sad thought that the last thing most people think they need concern themselves with is the care of their minds. Yet on the care with which they train their minds to function correctly depends their happiness.

No other possession in the world can be so valuable as a trained mind.

It is the only thing that will enable us to distinguish truth from falsehood; or that will prevent us accepting falsehood believing it to be the truth.

Lack of mental training makes us prone to deny the truth of anything we don't like; or of something we don't understand.

Only the possessor of an untrained mind would care to assert as absolute truth something he thought he knew.

It is unfortunate that truth is not often self-evident.

Our willingness to drool along with untrained minds often prevents us recognising truth, even when it's shoved under our noses.

It is not enough to have a fact properly presented to us, adequately argued, and concisely displayed.

That is only one side of the question.

The other is how we look at it when it is presented to us.

The real job of training your mind is to keep this "personal equation," this individual bias and private prejudice, well in the background under tight control.

A trained mind is not a gift of nature.

It's the result of hard work, persistent effort, and a genuine desire to be fair.

OPEN LETTERS

Admiral Sir ANDREW CUNNINGHAM, Victor of the Mediterranean

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Last time we had Beatty. In this war, Cunningham is the name that epitomises all the daring, determination and dominance of sea-power.

It is a name to make our enemies quail and our friends rejoice. A name that will shine in naval history long after the fires of this war have been quelled.

When France fell, your Fleet faced overwhelming odds.

But it did not, like the Italians, seek safe haven. It came out to fight and win.

Its series of victories have ensured our mastery in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

It has swept away Italian battleships and German dive-bombers.

It has, in large measure, made possible the triumphs of the R.A.F. and the Army of the Nile.

Taranto. The bombardment of Genoa and Valona, Bardia and Benghazi. And now, the capture of Berbera.

The brilliance of your strategy has been equalled by the soundness of your co-operation with land and air staffs.

As valuable as your spectacular battles has been, the ordinary routine of convoy and supply work by which our Forces have been able to smash the Italian Empire.

Congratulations and thanks!—JOHN BULL.

Lord CORT, Inspector-General of Army Training

DEAR GENERAL,—Men selected to be officers should have initiative, confidence and power to command.

How can these qualities be developed by cleaning windows and polishing door-knobs.

How can to-morrow's leaders fit themselves for mechanical warfare if, instead of studying after normal duty hours, they have to crawl on their knees to scrape floors with their razor-blades or bayonets?

Such are the conditions, I am told, in an officers' training unit in Wiltshire.

Perhaps you will investigate.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, M.P., Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Official inanity, not public apathy, is your worst salvage problem.

A council reports that it cannot dispose of empty tins and that it would like to give away eight tons of them.

Order has been given that until a huge pile of scrap has been removed from one Kentish village, no more can be collected.

In one city, bundled newspapers are still thrown in with the general refuse by dustmen—and used as fuel at a sewage disposal works.

You must, therefore, see that the public's efforts are not nullified by bad organisation.

Mr. Jack Silverman, a salvage expert, has offered ten suggestions for improving the position. Why not confer with him and other spokesmen of the trade?—JOHN BULL.

Rt Hon. Lord BEAVERBROOK, Minister of Aircraft Production

MY LORD.—Why are aircraft workers still wasting precious half-hours by making brooches for their personal adornment?

I thought you had managed to stop this preposterous misuse of time, tools and materials. So, I am sure, did you.—JOHN BULL.

Vice-Admiral BRUCE FRASER, Third Sea Lord

DEAR ADMIRAL.—Why buy a fabric you "don't use" from a firm that doesn't make it?

If that conundrum baffles you, let me explain:

A year ago, a firm making a special fabric sent samples to the Admiralty, which replied that it had no use for the material.

Later, the firm received a large order for the material from another firm which had received it from another firm which had received it from the Admiralty!

But the makers still cannot get a direct order from you.

So I present another puzzle: Why enrich the middlemen?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Taxes on meals, domestic servants, all kinds of fancy suggestions are being offered you.

What you want is not many small taxes to produce small amounts, but a few big taxes to bring in vast sums.

The ideal is still at your disposal: a tax on land values.

It would provide scores of millions of pounds to help bridge the Budget gap.

It would help to stop speculators from growing rich on the land our young men are fighting to defend.

It would put a check on the price that public authorities will have to pay after the war when they want land for reconstruction purposes.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. M. HELY-HUTCHINSON, K.C., Bracknell, Berks

DEAR SIR,—In seeking to dam the rising tide of social reform you resemble the lady who tried to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom.

Equal opportunities for the young, you declare, means that "the man who slaves to ensure his children's future gains no more reward than the man who merely leans against a lamp-post."

Presumably you would penalise all youngsters whose parents are too lazy or too poor to save.

So you should have lived in a bygone age.

Our people are determined that, when this war for political justice is won, we shall insist on greater social justice in our own land.

Already we have a pledge that the school-leaving age will be raised to fifteen and day continuation classes be held for all up to eighteen. This is but one of the mighty changes that are to come.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, Aldershot

YOUR WORSHIPS,—You get no praise from me for imposing a fine of £50 on a shopkeeper who sold tinned pears at 7d. above the controlled price.

He had five previous convictions for this kind of offence. You said he would probably go to jail if it happened again.

Why "probably"?—JOHN BULL.

Lady DENMAN, Women's Land Army

DEAR MADAM,—In answer to an appeal for volunteers, a reader was interviewed.

Little interest was shown in her years of farm experience, which included the tending of poultry, drenching sheep and driving a tractor.

But particular interest was given to such matters as the school she had attended, whether she played games or rode, and if she belonged to the Church of England.

Some of your officers, apparently, are still of the snob-witted "county" type.—JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE, Southport

GENTLEMEN,—Perhaps you are too rich to know how living costs have soared.

An expectant mother, with three young children, was evacuated to your area and has to seek relief because her husband is ill. You allow her 23s. 9d. a week.

I wager you could not feed and clothe a family of four on such a pittance.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF WELFARE, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—To carry out Mr. Bevin's industrial welfare plans, you will have to deal drastically with some employers.

Only canteen for 6,000 workers near London consists of two dirty huts where tea and cakes are sold. Proper meals are unobtainable, so hundreds of workers spend lunch-time in besieging shops to buy a roll or two. Similar complaints reach me from shipyards.

Keep both eyes on the don't-care managements!—JOHN BULL.

MURDER GANG 3A

★ Main Department [Hauptstelle] 3A is the most sinister of the Gestapo's villainies—murder anywhere. A German refugee reveals how it began

By I. F. REINHOLZ

BOMBS exploding among the luggage of Mr. Rendel and his embassy staff on their arrival at Istambul from Sofia seem a long way from March 13, 1920. But they stretch back that far.

It was on that day that a Captain Ehrhardt led his naval brigade to Berlin in the first counter-revolution on the Republic that followed the last war.

The new Government set up broke down a week later before the threat of a general strike.

Small groups of officers, still under Captain Ehrhardt, continued the struggle by subversive activities, individual outrages and terrorism.

Erzberger, a Reichstag member, who had urged acceptance of the Versailles Treaty, was found shot.

Foreign Minister Rathenau was shot while driving to the Foreign Office.

The assassins, after a wild chase, took refuge in an old castle. They were armed and kept the police at bay for twenty-four hours.

One was shot and the other committed suicide. They turned out to be Lts. Kern and Fischer, both members of Ehrhardt's gang. Ehrhardt was arrested and jailed in Leipzig, but he escaped.

With his chief supporters he went into exile. Among them was Lt.-Commander Philo von Trotha, grand-nephew of a famous admiral, and Lt. Hellmuth Plaas.

In 1934, by when the Third Reich had been established, Lt. Plaas returned to Berlin.

He found that his old chief, Captain Ehrhardt, was already back.

"I have grown old," he smiled, "but if you like to work along the old lines, report to Prince Albrechtstrasse."

"But that is where the Gestapo is," retorted Plaas in surprise.

"Quite right—and there you ask for the chief of the 'Main Department 3A.'"

THE chief of the "Main Department 3A" turned out to be Philo von Trotha, Plaas's former fellow-terrorist.

He had joined the S.S. long before Hitler seized power. In 1932 he secretly returned to Germany, and when the Gestapo was founded he was made Chief of the "Main Department 3A."

M. Barthou, France's Foreign Minister, scented Hitler's real designs in 1934. So he was murdered with King Alexander of Yugoslavia at Marseilles. Bombs were hurled into their carriage

Von Trotha explained the Department's job—how, for instance, a few picked men were sent across the frontier to Czechoslovakia to blow up a secret wireless station.

After a pause von Trotha added: "Three of the staff lost their lives. See the point . . .?"

"I see," said Plaas, with a knowing glance, "and—can you make use of an old expert . . .?"

"More than that," replied Trotha, "I am looking for men like you!"

Plaas joined up, and "Main Department 3A," responsible only to Gestapo Chief Himmler, took up the murder racket in earnest.

Many books would be needed to deal with its long string of crimes.

The murder of Dollfuss, Austrian Chancellor, was one of its big jobs. The assassin, Planetta, was hired and carefully trained.

German pacifist writer Berthold Jacob was another victim. He had revealed the secrets of the "Black Reichswehr," a dark chapter in Germany's pre-Nazi history.

When Hitler became Chancellor, Jacob fled to Switzerland.

The Nazis were anxious to find out how he had obtained his information. Was there a leak in the War Office?

"Main Department 3A" thugs kidnapped him and brought him back to Germany. The Swiss Government protested and the German Government apologised for this "deplorable encroachment of minor officials."

But Jacob never returned.

IT was agents of the Department who killed King Alexander of Yugoslavia and French Foreign Minister Barthou at Marseilles. Barthou was one of the few leading Frenchmen who understood what the Nazis were after, and the king was murdered to stir up trouble in the Balkans.

Only once so far has "Main Department 3A" acted inside Germany—on November 9, 1939.

Germany was now at war, and the Nazis needed new evidence that the Fuhrer was enjoying the special patronage of "Providence."

So "Main Department 3A" was ordered to stage an impressive bomb plot in the Munich beer cellar. Hitler escaped with his life, naturally, only by a hair's breadth! A distinct sign of "Providence."

What could the deaths of a few innocent people matter on such an occasion?

Lives don't count in Nazi Germany.

For the outrage which was meant to kill Mr. Rendel it is likely that Macedonian terrorists were hired.

"Main Department 3A" uses any scoundrel or any weapon for its foul work.

He Bluffed Hitler

ANY day the R.A.F. may be bombing Rumania's big Copsamica arms works to stop the Nazis using them.

Meanwhile, the owner, Max Ausnitt, deadly enemy of Hitler, is a fugitive from the Gestapo.

He is one of the few men who slipped out of their clutches when they imagined they had blocked all roads out of Rumania.

Ausnitt was supposed to be in jail. Ex-King Carol, whom he counted as his firm friend, had deserted him.

MAX AUSNITT

In the hope that it would help him with the Nazis he allowed Ausnitt to be arrested on a trumped-up charge of smuggling huge sums of money to London.

* * *

Carol is said to have cried on the day Ausnitt was thrown into prison. He tried to square his conscience by giving instructions that Ausnitt should be allowed special privileges.

His remorse increased when he found that desertion of his friend availed him nothing with Hitler, and he himself had to flee the country.

When the Nazis walked in they expected to find Ausnitt safely in jail. Instead they discovered that, on doctors' orders, he had been removed to a clinic.

Iron Guard thugs were ordered to put him back in prison.

There was a bigger surprise waiting for them. Ausnitt had disappeared.

Doctors who resented his arrest hid him in a large wooden case which was placed in the clinic courtyard and covered with rubbish. There the arms king remained safe while the Iron Guards searched everywhere for him.

When they had gone the case was put on a lorry and smuggled out of the country.

Some of Ausnitt's friends who are in London expect that he will come here, but his family is in America, so he may go there.

When Ausnitt took over the family iron business from his father, he rapidly turned it into one of the most powerful European arms combines.

Red-haired, stout and jovial, he was always regarded as one of the closest friends of ex-King Carol, to whom, it is believed, he introduced Madame Lupescu.

In Bucarest he had a residence that was a palace. There and at his castle in the country people prominent in international circles were entertained lavishly.

Though he was so wealthy and an arms manufacturer, Ausnitt, from his youth, has been liberal-minded. He always affirmed his belief in democracy and was exceedingly generous.

Rumanian Fascists, in consequence, hated him, and a number of attempts have been made to assassinate him.

When the Nazis were laying the trail to seize Rumania, he steadfastly refused to sell out to them.

* * *

He was constantly trying to increase trade between this country and Rumania. One of his last big schemes was to form a big company for this purpose. He offered to put up £10,000,000 of the capital.

Some years ago his engagement to one of the daughters of the Rajah of Sarawak was announced, but it was broken off, and later he married a Rumanian beauty.

Ausnitt now lives to avenge himself on Hitler. Wherever he turns up he is sure sooner or later to take some part in making weapons that will help to smash the Nazis.

How Nazis Peddle Their Loot

NAZI looters in occupied countries have been ordered to make new searches for valuables that can be converted into dollars.

Smarting under the British blockade, Hitler's economic chiefs are stooping to the lowest practices of ordinary thieves and smugglers.

Thousands of tons of valuable seeds have been stolen in Denmark and Holland and sent to America in test tubes and in small packets by mail.

Each packet may be worth anything from £50 to £200.

Japanese steamer *Kama Muramaru* had a cargo of 100,000 rare seeds which realised over 7,000,000 dollars for the Nazis.

Diamond merchants who were unable to escape from Belgium have been robbed, and couriers are taking the jewels to America via Russia and Japan.

"Neutral" travellers are also hired to take valuable stamps, singles or sets, of which Dutch and Norwegian collections have been stripped.

Secret Transactions

By devious routes these treasures have been smuggled out of Europe. They are sold under the condition that the transaction be kept secret until after the war. If Germany wins, it will claim the right to repurchase them at a handsome profit for the present buyers.

Even the wine cellars of occupied France have been ransacked in a search for age-old cognacs and rare wines. Connoisseurs overseas are offered bottles of precious spirits. Though each of these bottles may not fetch more than £100, the Nazi looting and smuggling organisation scrapes together everything to pile up dollars.

Old masters have long been taken from most European galleries under Nazi control.

A whole organisation has been created to find suitable "fences" for the loot. Like ordinary criminals, the Nazis work out plans for robbery and for the disposal of the stuff.

Since America is still in friendly contact with the oppressed countries, it may prove necessary to forbid the purchase of the Nazi loot by law.

The ordinary criminal code punishes the receiver as it does the thief.

If such a law is passed to protect the property of the oppressed peoples of Europe by making the buyers accessories to the crime, it will not only be an act of international justice, but it will rob the Nazis of their last means to obtain foreign exchange.

Cargoes of Lenses

Of course, they still persevere with attempts to get through rare chemicals and optical articles from Germany itself.

While no big ship has much hope of running the blockade, small schooners have a bare chance and can take cargoes of precious lenses.

These lenses, some of which can only be produced in Germany, go to American observatories.

Some scientists over there still seem more concerned about their instruments than about the war, and clamour for German spare parts. The Nazis supply them willingly—if they get dollars in exchange.

Rare chemicals for which the German chemical work I.G. Farben hold patents are also sent abroad for dollars.

They take up little space, and one single Nazi ship that gets through—even if it is on the high seas for months—may bring in hundreds of thousands of dollars.

FISH CONTROL MYSTERY

NO eel was ever slippier than the high-priced fish scandal.

Lord Woolton has done some grand work in feeding us in these difficult times, but fish is still a big black mark on his department.

We all know that supplies are limited, and that the men who go out to catch it deserve more money for the deadly risks they face, but—

that is no reason why we should have to pay the existing fabulous prices for fish, while fishermen frankly admit that they are earning so much money that they scarcely know what to do with it.

Cod costing 2s. 6d. lb. against 8d. lb. pre-war. Mackerel at 1s. 6d. each.

Deck hands, the lowest-paid members of a trawler's crew, averaging £10 to £12 "all found" for a ten-days' trip. Sometimes they make £30 and £40. Skippers and mates making more than a Cabinet Minister.

Those are the grotesque opposite ends of the scales.

Public resentment has now become so great that it is possible the Food Minister may have been compelled to do something about it before this article appears.

No Better Prospect

While I am writing, however, the prospect of speedy action isn't any more hopeful than it was nearly two months ago when the Food Minister warned the fish trade that he would enforce maximum prices if they did not do so themselves in twelve days.

There were, of course, appearances of a great flurry in the trade. A meeting was held in the North a few days later and adjourned for the preparation of a scheme.

On February 28, sixteen days after Lord Woolton's period of grace had expired, another meeting at Leeds agreed on a reduction of 6d. to 8d. in the price of cod.

But in casting out this sprat to catch the whale of the whole fish price scandal it was announced that before any reduction could take place the "scheme" would have to be approved by Lord Woolton.

That was a month ago—and, far from coming down, the price of cod and most other fish has rocketed still higher!

When pressed in Parliament to say what was being done, Major Lloyd George, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, replied that he could give no information about the continued delay.

Unhelpful Reply

While stating that Lord Woolton considers the price of fish far too high, Major Lloyd George added blandly: "Fixed prices alone will not solve the problem."

Is it any wonder that housewives who badly need fish to eke out foods which are rationed are exasperated beyond words.

Of course, everyone knows that fixed prices will not solve the problem of limited supplies. No one can have as much fish as they did before the war, but there is no reason why the fish that is available should not be obtainable at reasonable prices.

What is holding the hand of the Food Minister?

He and his experts must know why prices are so high. They know that behind all the heavy smoke screen being put up by the trade, the main reason is that merchants are frantically outbidding each other at the dockside auctions.

That is why ships at sea for only about nine days bring home catches which easily sell for nearly £5,000 in the senseless scramble by merchants waiting at the docks.

That is why a family owning their own little boat can often *clear* £100 a week, and why one big Iceland trawler recently unloaded a record catch of 36,000 stones which realised £19,000.

These prices are fantastic compared to the return fishermen were glad to have in peace time.

Dutch, Belgian, French, Polish, Danish and Norwegian fishermen, who came here when their countries were overrun by the Nazis, are all sharing the golden harvest.

Icelanders are staggered by the prices they obtain for the fish they bring to our ports.

Fishmongers who have to face the public compelled to pay for this orgy of profiteering have to put up with most of the blame.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

When this fish came to port before the war it was auctioned sensibly. Now merchants outbid each other like art collectors

Actually, they are hard hit. Their profit is small and they have the same expenses, rent, rates and so on, with a very much reduced turnover.

Mysterious Shortage

Herrings, the one fish controlled in price, are mysteriously short.

That happens far too frequently when maximum prices are fixed.

Of all food supply industries that obviously need drastic and immediate supervision, fish is the most urgent.

Lord Woolton is credited with courage. Here's a chance for him to show it.

Home Guard Grouses

CAPTAIN MARGESSON, Minister for War, will have to face severe criticism soon unless he hustles the supply of equipment for the Home Guard.

Letters are reaching me from worried members of this fine volunteer force telling of units that still have only a few rifles and, in some cases, only a few steel helmets.

Naturally I cannot publish the names of the localities where these deficiencies are stated to exist, but the information is available if the War Minister wants it.

But the War Office no doubt knows, or should do, how many men remain to be properly equipped.

* * *

If the position is that there are not yet sufficient rifles, helmets, respirators and other equipment to go round, the distribution of available supplies seems to be strangely uneven.

In some districts whole battalions are apparently fully equipped. In others, the Guards have uniforms but are short of equipment.

Here is one catalogued complaint:—(*a*) Insufficient number of rifles. (*b*) Two Lewis guns without sights. (*c*) Six or seven automatic rifles which we have found inaccurate. (*d*) Shortage of steel helmets, bayonets or Service respirators.

This reader also states that training has consisted of indoor instruction—no patrols or sentry duties.

Another reader says that ever since rifles arrived for his platoon they have been locked up in a cell at the police station. The C.O.'s order, he adds, is that on no account will rifles be issued until invasion takes place!

* * *

"The platoon of which I am a member," writes a railway worker, "was formed in May last year, and we patrol a stretch of railway which includes three important junctions.

"After ten months, some of the platoon are still without great coats, steel helmets and respirators.

"Our platoon commander has tried his utmost to remedy matters and has spent several nights a week at the local town headquarters. He is merely told, 'We will see what can be done.'

"Yet Home Guards in other parts of the town are well equipped."

M.P.s must raise this question of Home Guard equipment as a matter of major and urgent importance.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week I have awarded the "P.B." Guinea to Mrs. Lee, of Hutchinson Street, Leicester. She sent me details of a very mean trick being worked on people in humble circumstances. Write to me about any subject calling for inquiry, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Look Out for These New Pitfalls

SEVERAL schemes, some operating from obscure addresses, are appealing for funds with the avowed object of helping Britain to win the war.

One enterprise about which I am receiving inquiries asks for an initial subscription, suggests that you should also get a friend or friends to send one and, at the same time, ask them to induce their friends to do likewise!

The circulars sent out are unsolicited.

I counsel readers to remember that, no matter how well-intentioned some promoters may be, the best and safest way to ensure Victory is by supporting Government appeals—DIRECT.

APPEALS are once again arriving in this country from America asking for information about alleged ancestors of the writers—and of the recipients who are selected because they possess the same name.

Hinting that fortunes are waiting to be shared, they seek fees towards expenses which must be first incurred in "settling the estate."

Anyone receiving such a communication should take it to a solicitor, as many people are bitten by this old ramp even in these times!

EVERYWHERE shopkeepers are still being caught by crooks who pretend that they can obtain privilege in the supply of cigarettes and confectionery if payment is made with order.

They use notepaper bearing the names and addresses of reputable firms and, careful to extract only a few pounds in each case, leave the traders to discover that their stories are false and their literature quite unauthorised.

I have just received complaints about one such rogue who has been "wanted" in different names for well over a year.

WATCH out for bogus "Official" sanitary inspectors who call at poor-class houses and ask to see the shelter.

After a quick look at it they declare that it is faulty and promise to send men along to repair it at a time convenient to the householder.

Then, on health grounds, they enter the house, move from room to room taking measurements — and STEAL EVERYTHING OF VALUE!

LARGE profits from secret war work, about which he must not divulge information, is the tale of another "topical" schemer about whom I have been collecting information. He asks for loans repayable with a substantial bonus, and insinuates that he was "Founder" of a well-known legal aid society.

Don't part with money in any "War Investment" proposition without making inquiries. My department will always endeavour to give you free advice if you will only send me a line.

MAKING out that there is a greater demand than ever for home-workers who can implement their incomes by undertaking work at home, quite an army of fee-snatchers are now at work obtaining money from victims.

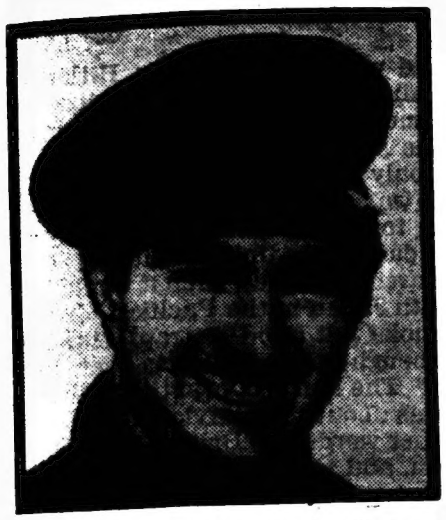
Every day I receive complaints and inquiries.

One man's operations are carried out on such an extensive scale that he advertises in dozens of local newspapers.

"Shortness of staff through the war" is the line now played on to suggest that there are unusual opportunities for clients to make money. But it's the fees they want for work they do not give!

★ **COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS, continuing his series on Britain's Merchant Navy, "Drake's Brood is Ready!", relates an epic of rescue in the teeth of an Atlantic gale, in which two boatloads of men were saved by a man who had been turned down by the R.A.F., and**

Fought Huns When 13!



Able Seaman Sydney Herbert Light, awarded the George Medal for the gallant deed of rescue told in this thrilling narrative. When he joined the Merchant Navy—

AMONG the crowd besieging a certain R.A.F. recruiting office there was a man at whom the officer at the table looked hard.

"Age?" he asked.

But he did not write down the answer. He smiled instead.

"Won't do, Mr. Light," he said. "You don't recognise me, I suppose, but I've stayed at your hotel once or twice. I'm afraid you are too old for us—but, dammit, man, I'm sorry!"

The landlord of the Southborough Arms Hotel, in the village of Hook, on the Kingston by-pass-road, brought forward every argument he could.

"They told me I was too young in the last war," he complained. "I got into that when I was 13 years old—as deck-boy in a troopship.

"I said I was older, and I looked older.

"I was at sea till 1924. Can't you slip my age back a bit? I've done a bit of racing motoring—and I've got my flying licence all ready, you see."

Regretfully, the R.A.F. officer shook his head.

You might imagine this man who picked up the trade of war at thirteen, and was now too old to fight, would have gone back to his comfortable bar-parlour.

He Risked Arrest

But you don't know Sidney Light.

After risking arrest for trying to dodge into another of the Services, he signed on as an Able Seaman in the Merchant Service.

"If I can't fight, I'll carry food," he said briefly. "We'll need it, before all's done."

Month after month, he carried on, undistinguished, sturdy, like thousands of his kind.

Then, one night, as his ship was plunging along in the blackness, shipping it green before a lashing nor'-easter, there was the unmistakable terrific explosion of a torpedo on the starboard water-line.

The vessel heeled over, and the order was given to abandon ship. She must plunge in a few minutes.

In No. 4 boat, Light and others were being lowered away when a tremendous sea tipped the boat, and tipped everyone out except Light and another seaman.

The two men got her floating, and managed to haul aboard the other survivors.

With water to the thwarts, they then rowed round to the lee-side of the sinking vessel and searched for other swimmers.

As they lay broadside on to the sea, only frantic baling kept her afloat.

A searchlight shone coldly over the heaving waters from the submarine, rested on them and flicked away elsewhere.

A vast gurgle told that their vessel had sunk. The sea boiled like a cauldron.

Morning broke cold and drear, with an abatement of the storm.

They were still baling hard, but now they could spare time to step a mast and set sails.

They met another lifeboat, carrying survivors from a different ship, at 11 a.m.

The men in these two frail cockle-shells amid the sliding mountains of Atlantic water exchanged news.

They shouted jokes.

Light's men passed cigarettes, and then the newcomers went on their way.

During the afternoon, they sighted two steamers far away southward.

It is almost impossible, from the ocean's level, to tell which way a ship is heading.

Agony of Suspense

It seemed that the two vessels came nearer. Nearer. Then no nearer for an hour. Then smaller. And at last—gone!

The men in the boat were scantily clothed. Most of them had come straight from their bunks.

Rations were three biscuits and a dipper of saltish water a day.

Rain was pelting down bitterly, and the nor'-easter was still blowing, wrinkling the flesh with cold.

They were wet and sogged, and still baling out because of seas breaking over them.

They had only a boat-compass, most probably damaged in the fall, with which to set a course.

The stoutest hearts might have quailed. But Sydney Light "kept them in good heart," as the dry official report put it.

He made them shout community songs and do physical jerks—no easy thing in a boat—to get some warmth into their perished bodies.

"He was worth ten," said one of the survivors afterwards.

Late on the second day, they sighted another lifeboat under oars and sail.

The two boats tried to make contact, but the seas tossed them contemptuously apart.

The strangers vanished into the darkness.

The wind abated during the night, and the exhausted men crouched together under the boat-cover while it lay to at its sea-anchor.

Rainy squalls arose. The wind came up and they had to out-oars again.

On the third day, Light produced a tin of corned beef and another of condensed milk. The chief electrician was now suffering from violent pains in legs and stomach, but the rest were pretty fit.

On the following day, he felt better, although he was still weak and pale.

All the men were soaking wet, had been ever since leaving the ship.

They were eating their meagre ration when one of the men sighted another lifeboat.

It was without oars, sail or any sign of life.

A canvas tent stretched amidships.

The boat was drifting hopelessly, and it says much for Light's men that, tired and hopeless, they left the course along which they had been proceeding at nearly four knots, and played catch-as-catch-can for an hour with the deserted boat.

Then they got near enough to hail, and out of the tent crawled an exhausted officer from another torpedoed ship.

"Stand by to take a line—we'll take you in tow!" roared Light, as cocksure as though he stood on the bridge of a liner.

And for some time more they fought the sea's immense vagaries till at last they took the derelict boat in tow.

There were sixteen exhausted men on board.

Soon there was one more.

Light went aboard, massaged two who were suffering from extreme exposure, stripped off his stockings and produced from his marvellous pockets a tin of corned mutton.

Finally, he gave one of the sufferers a precious cigarette, lighted it, and then returned to his boat.

He left behind him a hope of life for sixteen men who had given up the struggle.

"We'll get out of this all together, my boys," Light said.

There was a ragged whisper of a cheer.

But their plight was terrible.

They were still baling.

There was a storm all the time.

Sometimes it rose to gale force, and the tiny lifeboats were dwarfed by mountains of threatening water.

All the men were nine-tenths starved, and greedily thirsty.

Their lips were cracked.

Their hands were blistered raw from rowing. Their sogged clothes were rotting on their bodies.

The men in the towed boat, many of whom were injured and the rest helpless from exhaustion, received a "Christmas present" from Light's crew at the end of the fifth day.

It consisted of two tins of mutton, half-a-pound of tobacco, cigarette-papers and matches.

Days passed. Nights passed.

Hope Deferred

There was a great hope, when what seemed indisputably a land swell began to rock the boats.

But there was no land, and the swell changed to the merciless, long rollers of the deep sea.

They decided, those exhausted, broken men, to divide into watches and sail all night.

First one, then another got "trench feet," with terrific pain.

Light was everywhere, massaging hurt feet into comfort, tearing up his own clothes to bandage them.

Speed was vital if they were to live. More speed!

—his wife carried on their business at the Southborough Arms Hotel, at Hook, on the Kingston by-pass, of which Seaman Light was the popular landlord in days of peace

They cut an oar to make a jurymast, and cut up the boat-cover for a foresail.

On the tenth day, still wet through, they decided to make yet a further bid for speed.

Somehow, they crammed both crews into the leading boat, cut the other adrift, and then, with both sails set and pulling till the heavy boat heeled like a yacht, they sped along at more than four knots.

Some of the men were mute with weariness, cold and starvation.

But Light massaged them, joked with them, worked with them. He kept the boat on her course, checking the crazy compass by the Pole Star.

The eleventh day dawned grey and threatening. Still no land.

Food had almost given out. Fresh water was finished two days earlier, and now none of them could swallow the dry biscuit that was left.

Lips were swollen, legs dead, eyes caked with salt—but arms still pulled oars, woodenly, automatically. . . .

Ship in Sight!

Someone croaked something at 7.15 a.m., and those dreadful figures sat up.

"By God, he's right. A ship! *A-HOY!*"

How Light found strength to hail, no one knew. But the ship, although fairly near, stood on her way unheeding. Then, from that magic store of his, Light produced—*two flares.*

The first fizzed and flashed.

With staring faces, the fugitives watched.

Someone sobbed, and slumped into the bottom of the boat.

"Burn another!" they muttered. But Light would not.

He waited. Five minutes passed.

Another five minutes—like five hours.

With trembling hands he lighted the last flare.

The ship was now definitely standing away.

The flare burned up.

They waited. From the ship's deck came a flash of light.

By 8 o'clock, the last man was aboard the big ship, and they were sucking up hot, weak tea, greedily.

Seaman Light, who under God had saved two boatloads of men, received the George Medal, and then went back to his work!

NEXT WEEK.—*They Brought a Death Ship Home.*

JAPS IN A JA

By A. G. GARDINER

MR. MATSUOKA is worried. Things are not going according to plan. They are going most contrary to plan. That is why he is now on his way to Berlin to have a heart-to-heart talk with Hitler.

What was the plan? Where has it gone wrong? In what way can it be remodelled? To answer these questions it is necessary to hark back ten years

IT WAS IN 1931 THAT THE WAR OF TO-DAY REALLY BEGAN. IT BEGAN WITH THE INVASION OF MANCHURIA.

Hitler had not then come into power in Germany, but the Nazi plot for world conquest was already conceived, and the Nazi plans were already in action.

Nowhere was the Fifth Column trick put into operation earlier or more successfully than in Japan. Hitler's object was not to conquer Japan, but to make her his ally and tool.

From 1931 onwards his agents swarmed over the country and wormed themselves into its business and public life.

All the technique of Nazism was subtly introduced — anti-Marxism, anti-Semitism, the training of Hitler youth in Japanese guise, the consolidation of all Germans into a secret propaganda machine.

The diplomatic service, the Army, the Navy and the business world were Nazified.

The Japanese dream of the conquest of Asia and the elimination of the white races from the Far East fitted in admirably with Hitler's scheme for the conquest of Europe and the Western Hemisphere.

While he was preparing for his *blitzkrieg* here, Japan could worry us in the Pacific, keep the United States quiet, and threaten Bolshevist Russia with war on two fronts.

Japan was not to come into the open at once. Her hands were full in China, and her partnership in the Axis was only to be declared when the hour had struck in Europe.

That was the plot in broad outline. It threatened to come to grief at the outbreak of the war, when Hitler bought off Russia and made terms with Bolshevism.

But by this time the Nazi power had such a grip on Japan that even this shock was survived. And when, last summer, Hitler's blow fell, and all Europe seemed to collapse before him, the moment was deemed ripe for Japan to join the Axis.

The only foe that remained to be overwhelmed was Britain, and Japan's formal admission to the Axis was intended by Hitler to intimidate the United States, If that country dared to help us, then it would have to reckon with Japan in the Pacific.

Matsuoka fell into the trap. Like Mussolini, he thought that "all was over, bar the shouting." The lion was practically dead, and its skin was about to be divided.

In other words, the British Empire was in liquidation, and the Axis partners were going to share out the assets.

IT was as simple as that. Or, at least, it seemed so. Now, nearly a year later, it does not seem so at all.

The lion is most demonstrably alive. Its roar has been heard from Hamburg to Aden.

It has put one devastating claw on Libya, another on Abyssinia. Its tail is erect and rampant over the Mediterranean.

It has left Hitler's jackal, Mussolini, on the rubbish heap, just one big loathsome bruise.

AND IT HAS SENT MATSUOKA HOT FOOT TO BERLIN TO ASK, PLEASE, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF IT ALL.

Not that Mr. Matsuoka is at war with us. Oh, dear no! That was Mussolini's little blunder. Mr. Matsuoka does not make that sort of mistake. He is much too polite, please.

He never makes war on anybody—not even on China. He is only engaged there in a missionary enterprise for the good of the Chinese people.

But all the same, he is worried. For the plot that was to give him so much for doing so little—merely for keeping President Roosevelt quiet—has gone awry.

It has gone awry for Mr. Matsuoka in many ways.

In the first place, that missionary enterprise in China has been a sad disappointment. It is true that he has slain millions of Chinese and burned multitudes of Chinese cities.

But the goal that was to be reached in four months has not been reached in four years.

And his people know that it will never be reached. He has met a brave people and one of the world's greatest men.

WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER AND THE BARBARIANS, EAST AND WEST, ARE IN THE DUST, CHIANG KAI-SHEK WILL TAKE HIS STAND BY WINSTON CHURCHILL AS THE SAVIOUR OF CIVILISED LIFE ON THIS PLANET. AND HIS PLACE WILL NOT BE THE SECOND PLACE.

If I doubted a providential hand in this great ordeal of human fate, I should be converted by the impressive fact that the cause of freedom has thrown up for its standard-bearers Churchill in England, Roosevelt in America, Smuts in South Africa and Chiang Kai-shek in China.

Is not that convincing testimony that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will"?

Emergency Number Two

WHILE the roar of battle sounds over land and sea and in the air; even as Democracy prepares for the greatest trial in history and girds itself for the ultimate battle, Emergency Number Two is not forgotten.

Everything is in flux. Even the nature of government is changing. Life for the individual has already changed.

In Britain the people with a clarity of vision and a rare courage have surrendered for the time being rights and privileges which were gained by years of struggle.

* * *

The world as we knew it is fast vanishing.

Old standards of control, of work, of eating, of leisure, have been swept away.

In their place is a regimentation of man-power and woman-power.

The State is Boss. "Do this," it says, and men and women obey.

But even with victory won and the ugliness of Nazism destroyed, I can see no plain sailing ahead for the Democracies.

Never in the history of mankind will there be such a need for men of vision and statesmanship; never will there have been such gigantic problems to tackle.

The difficulties that beset the world after the 1914-18 war were far-reaching. The difficulties to come will make those of twenty years ago look simple.

In the last war the world, in its social and political sense, remained virtually unchanged.

When peace comes this time the political, social and economic wrench will rock the world.

Already the problems are being discussed.

In factories and workshops armies of men present Problem Number One.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

What will they do? What sort of jobs will be available? What industrial swing-over can transplant them and the new arms cities into a peace time economy?

A terrible war to the death has solved the unemployment problem—a riddle which statesman after statesman, party after party, failed to solve.

* * *

Must we abandon that gain when peace comes? Is peace to bring disaster to millions of workers and again overshadow their homes with the clouds of idleness and hunger?

The conversion from the wasteful economy of war to the economy of peace will have to be achieved with a minimum of shock.

Close co-operation between the two great democracies, a co-operation verging on economic union, will, it seems to me, be an essential factor in achieving this object.

The economic domination of Britain and U.S.A. will ensure a world of equality and justice.

* * *

Workers of this country are assured of that. They, and the millions of American craftsmen ranged together on the industrial front against Hitler, are living in a world of reality.

There are no illusions about the struggle now being waged. There are no illusions about the problems that will come with the peace.

Mr. Churchill is aware of those future problems. So is President Roosevelt.

They know that the solution to those problems is no easy one.

But they do realise the danger of shelving those problems until Peace brings the final victory.

To them will come a job as vast as the job they are doing so well now.

It will be their duty—a duty which calls for enlightenment, courage and statesmanship of the highest order—to build on the foundations of Democracy a saner world, a world in which the anvils of peace will ring out the music of happiness and comparative leisure, and one in which the homes of the people will stand secure from the blasts of depression, poverty and the cares of old age.

M!

A girl relief worker serving mugs of tea to youthful Chinese soldiers in a troop train before they went into action against the Japanese

But there are other facts that have put the plot out of joint. Matsuoka, like Ribbentrop, made a howling mistake. Both sprang from the infantile notion that because democracy is pacific it is "soft."

Just as Ribbentrop, like the clever fool he is, thought he had sized up England, and found it craven, so Matsuoka thought he had sized up America, and had found it the same.

He had been educated there, and believed that it was ripe for destruction. He supposed that he had only to shake his mailed fist over the Pacific, and the United States, torn by internal controversy, would "lie low and say nuffin."

And so at the ignorant Hitler's command he shook his fist. He proclaimed that Japan's destiny was not only the hegemony of Asia, but the lordship of Oceania and the Pacific.

BUT the United States was not stricken with fear and cowed into surrender.

On the contrary, Matsuoka's challenge had precisely the opposite effect. It swept away the last doubts in the mind of America, and brought from Mr. Roosevelt his historic declaration that the United States is committed to the destruction of Nazism wherever it rears its head.

Most significant of all was his marked inclusion of China in the Powers to which the resources of the great arsenal of democracy will flow in ever-increasing volume.

Never was engineer "so hoist with his own petard." For, consider what this means. Japan is a poor country, strained to the limit by a war that it cannot finish.

The public debt has reached astronomical figures. The standard of living, never much above subsistence level, is approaching actual want. Prices are rising, consumption is falling. Hostility to the warmongers is growing.

Most important of all, Japan is destitute of raw materials. She has to import cotton, wool, iron and scrap iron, fertilisers, oil and rubber.

And she is dependent for all of them upon the enemies of the Axis—U.S.A., the British Commonwealth, the Dutch East Indies. Hitler cannot help her to the extent of sixpence.

The moment she is at war all her supplies stop. They should be stopped now.

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN STOPPED WHEN SHE STARTED THE WORLD BLAZE TEN YEARS AGO. IF THAT HAD BEEN DONE THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO WORLD WAR TO-DAY.

This is the situation that has brought Matsuoka to Berlin. He has been landed in it by Hitler and his own mad ambitions.

In becoming a pawn in Hitler's game he has gained nothing and risked everything.

If Hitler cannot win the battle of the Atlantic, Japan is finished. She can be finished now as decisively as Italy has been finished.

Cut off her supplies and the war will end where it began ten years ago.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

ARE WELFARE OFFICERS A GOOD THING?

● Many people object to the fact that Welfare officers have been appointed to the Army. "Tommy wasn't coddled in the last war," they say. "Why coddle him now?"

The objectors are either elderly Brass-Hats or civilians.

The truth is, there is no coddling.

It was found that, in war time, many officers yanked out of civilian jobs to become soldiers did not understand the problems of a Tommy's life. Besides, they had to concentrate on training.

So Welfare officers, mostly men who served in the last war, were appointed, nearly all on an honorary basis, not to stand between an officer and his men, but to solve the men's personal worries.

To-day, a soldier often joins up with a mortgage on his house. What can he do? Either a Welfare officer knows the answer, or he can find out.

Problems concerning the education of a Tommy's children or what his wife shall do if her house is bombed—a thousand things that need expert opinion—are solved in this way.

It has done much to humanise the Army.

WHAT CAUSED THE DOCKERS' DISPUTE?

● Facing up to the trouble caused by the congestion in the docks, where there have been serious delays, the Government proposed to introduce a pooling scheme under which all dock labour would be controlled by the Ministry of Transport.

Under this, employers of labour will be supplied by local officials with the stevedores they need.

The idea is to make labour more mobile, in order to speed up the turning round of ships.

Under the scheme, dockers would be guaranteed a minimum week's wage. This would, for the period of the war at least, put an end to the old evil system of casual labour.

In Liverpool, 4,000 dockers registered under the scheme without any trouble; but in Glasgow, 850 protested against it vehemently.

One reason for their objection was that their union broke away from Ernest Bevin's Transport Workers' Union some years ago, and so considerable bitterness remains.

Some of the men suspect anything that Bevin does, especially if it is for the nation's good.

Anyway, as dockers were already for the first time employed all the week round, because of the war, some of them thought the scheme unnecessary.

Besides, defeatist propaganda is magnifying the men's suspicions. Some of them even use the phrase "conscription of labour," when the truth is it is a very necessary pooling system, a preliminary to national planning, all necessary for the winning of the war.

For one thing, it is expected to save 40 per cent. in the time taken for unloading a vessel and loading it for the outward voyage.

COULD HITLER BE TRIED?

● "Hang the Kaiser," was a widespread demand in 1918.

It petered out, for one reason—because Wilhelm escaped into Holland, and the Dutch Government would not have given him up, anyway.

Some years later I heard Lloyd George declare that, for the purpose of his War Memoirs, he had been examining all the State papers of 1914. In those, he said, he could discover no proof that any nation or any individual was primarily responsible for the war.

Hitler, if he were captured, could be tried by an international court set up by the Allies, and he could be condemned to any punishment they thought appropriate.

But the truth is that you do not solve the problems arising out of war by trying or condemning any particular individual.

Such a proceeding would look theatrical, and sound dramatic.

But in the event of Nazidom being crushed, Hitler would, in any circumstances, find it difficult to obtain a sanctuary anywhere.

Either his exploded megalomania would end in his suicide or he would be dealt with by a stray bullet fired by one of his disillusioned supporters.

HOW WILL THE BLOCKADE END?

● I met the other night an American who left Berlin by the last 'plane out of Germany.

Looking round the smart restaurant in which he was eating, he said: "In the week before the war started, the food problems in Germany were about what they are to-night in London.

"Enormous ration books consisting of small tickets had just been issued. They contained lots of small squares entitling the holders to various things which they could still get.

"But, suddenly, soap and tooth-paste disappeared from the market overnight."

That, mind you, was in peace time.

"To-day," he went on, "my opinion is that shortage of fats, which existed even in September, 1919, is what will bring the war to an end.

"I don't think it will be oil. I think it will be fats.

"That is why there was the recent raid on Lofoten. The British Government knows that people cannot live without fats."

IS AMERICA IN THE WAR?

● The more you hear of the speeches of leading Americans, from Roosevelt himself downwards, and the more you mix with the diplomats and business chiefs sent here from Washington to help us, the more you know that, in all but actual declaration, America is really in the war already.

John Winant, her new Ambassador, addressed the Pilgrims the other day in London as though he were actually one of ourselves.

Even Winston, in toasting him, said that he has spent days with Harry Hopkins, Wendell Willkie and Colonel Donovan, and had "dwelt with them in mind and spirit."

"There is one thing I have discerned in them all," he added. "They would be ready to give their lives, nay, proud to give their lives, rather than that the good Cause should be trampled down."

Our Premier's dramatic statement that Nazi raiders had already passed on the American side of the Atlantic caused, that day, an enormous sensation in the United States.

We realise that if American troops were wanted, and they were ready, they would now be on their way. We know that, if the U-boat menace gets really dangerous, the United States would convoy her own ships rather than let us starve.

America is in the war in the sense that she realises we are fighting her cause. Therefore, as we do not require her fighting men, she is doing all she can by sending us munitions and food, and not thinking of money as the chief basis of trade.

Voice of the People

WE were playing at the local Workman's Institute whist drive during one of the recent bad raids on South Wales.

We heard a bomber dive low, and the lights failed. It was a tense moment for everybody.

Then a happy voice: "I've got the laugh on all of you. I can go on playing"—and laughter as everybody recognised the voice of a blind boy who plays with special cards.

Tension was ended.—T. Snelling (address withheld for obvious reasons).

Reader Snelling asks that payment should be sent to the blind boy.

He Leaves it to You

According to a Glasgow correspondent, merchants sometimes transfer oats as many as six times, each time at a profit.

The price of oats, as laid down by the control, is 43s. 6d. a quarter on the farm.

As the profit allowed is 1s. a quarter, six transfers would suggest that each merchant was taking 2d. a quarter profit.

I leave you to imagine what would happen to merchants if this were general

The exception is oats for seed. These are special oats, and do not come on the feed market.—George A. Lloyd, Windsor Avenue, Anlaby, E. Yorks.

What a Wallop!

Few people know that the word "wallop"—"Let's wallop 'em!"—perpetuates the name of a British commander of that name.

A marauding tribe on the borders of India had butchered a British outpost, and Commander Wallop sought out and annihilated the offending tribe.

The story is worth recalling to-day, when our Australian and home forces in Africa are so busy *wavelling* the Italians. —P. Carr Kings Road, Stretford, Manchester

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

IRISH INDEPENDENT:—"A gill of cold milk is not a substitute for the solid HAT food that a growing child needs."

EVENING NEWS:—"... were destroyed in a fire at two railway ACHES used as garages."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"Children requiring ORGAN juice for health reasons..."

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO:—"A new knob can quickly be fitted by softening a blob of STEALING WAX."

DAILY MAIL:—"I hope to see this interesting play revived again some YEARS AGO."

NORFOLK CHRONICLE:—"He found five freshly KILLED partridges, one of which was still ALIVE."

BRECON AND RADNOR EXPRESS:—"The ANIMAL said in view of the seriousness of the case..."

They Do Say...

Details of the whereabouts of a gun were found scribbled in a prayer-book in St. Paul's Church, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

It was in childish handwriting, so perhaps it was the idle work of a child who grows fidgety during sermons

But dangerous possibilities are suggested. To guard against Fifth Columnists, it might pay the authorities to go through the hundreds of hymnals and prayer books to be found in churches. —R. Stevens, Plymouth.

Stories are told in France (and widely believed there) to the effect that German agents toured French villages as door-to-door salesmen before 1914, sold vases so cheap that they found their way to most mantelpieces, and that bases of these ornaments bore details of use to an invading army.

How's the "False Roof"?

Every builder knows that part of certain old buildings is known as a "false roof."

Trap-doors to the loft do not give admission to the space under these false roofs.

Incendiary bombs might well drop into these spaces and blaze away merrily, fanned by the strong draughts to be found in that part of a house.

The authorities should make sure that there is no part of a roof which cannot be reached at once by fire-fighters through a trap-door.—William Corah, Drybrook, Coalville, Leicestershire.

Deeds Destroyed

In a recent letter in "Voice of the People," a reader mentioned the problems that arise when title deeds are destroyed by enemy action, and suggested that a statutory declaration of title should suffice.

It would not be sufficient in some instances, as it would, at most, be merely a declaration of ownership by the persons whose deeds were destroyed.

A better plan would be for owners of unregistered land to register their title in the Government Land Registry.

If the land certificate were destroyed, a duplicate could be obtained, and, in cases of leaseholds, possibly a copy or abstract of the lease. Registration simplifies the transfer of title on sale. —W. J. Bakhurst, Holtwhites Hill, Enfield.

Fees are moderate, based on value of property. Full details are obtainable from any solicitor.

Sunflower Feed

Poultry-keepers should be grateful to your reader for the tip about growing sunflower seed for poultry food. I can recommend it.

I have collected a great deal of information about sunflower culture in the United States and this country, which I will supply to any reader wanting to try out the idea. It is particularly necessary to grow the right varieties.

The information is quite free, but readers should act quickly, because the sowing season is almost here. I expect no payment; in fact, payment for this letter can be handed to the Greatest of These Fund.—V. Williamson, Tobergill, Templepatrick, Belfast, N. Ireland.

Cows Won't Suffer

LORD WOOLTON says that dairy herds have got to be maintained, whatever else goes.

The country must have its normal supply of milk.

Yet, under the new rationing scheme, farmers are not going to be allowed to have more than one-third their ordinary quota of feeding stuffs.

Perhaps Lord Woolton doesn't realise that a cow is simply a machine for converting foodstuffs into milk.—S. B., Surrey.

Ministry of Agriculture knew this and scale feeding-stuffs for milking cows according to their yield.

Production figures are scrutinised and revised monthly.

In a month's time there will be plenty of lush grass to supplement her diet

Run, Rabbit, Run

Many farmers are allowing their land to become over-run with rabbits because they let the shooting rights of their ground to sportsmen, who (possibly because they are in the Services) never come near.

In such times as these, farmers should be allowed to shoot as many rabbits as they like on their land if the owner of the "rights" doesn't come near.—S. Brent, Sussex.

That's My Plight

Because I was thrifty for many years I became the owner of a large leasehold house in —— Street, London, which has now been made untenable by enemy action.

So myself and my tenants have had to find accommodation elsewhere.

Soon I shall have to pay ground-rent —although the ground is naturally useless until such time as the house has been made habitable again.

There must be many in my plight. Surely something is going to be done for us?—M. Scholter, Hammersmith, W.6.

Matter is under official consideration. As we have said before, landowners as distinct from the owners of buildings have always been pampered pets; they shouldn't get away with it every time.

The Best Way Out

In these days of air raids, a whole family can be wiped out at once.

If father and son are killed together, the law presumes that the father died first.

If the son is a beneficiary, two lots of death duties have to be paid.

The obvious injustice of this can be side-stepped in a simple way.

In leaving money or property to a relative younger than yourself, stipulate that the bequest doesn't take effect unless the beneficiary shall survive the testator by one month.—S. M. N., London, W.

Unofficial Padre

At a lonely gun-site on the coast, miles from anywhere, a handful of soldiers watch out every week for a young college student.

When he arrives, they stand beneath a tree and sing hymns together. Then he has a swim with them. After that they kick a ball about. Then he tells them about the world of which they are seeing so little these days.

One of those boys, to my certain knowledge, couldn't be trusted with anybody's property before he joined the Army.

Now, blessed with good comradeship, he is a man to look up to.

And *he* says that much of his debt he owes to that young fellow, the student from the outer world, who serves them as a padre.—Mrs. E. Simmons, Fullwell Avenue, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex.

Black-out Traps

Dangerous places become ten times more dangerous because of the black-out. Therefore, surely they should be made safe out of the war bill.

I have in mind a wharf beside the River Calder at Wakefield in which five people have lost their lives this year (young as it is). The figure is far greater going back to when the black-out began.

It is known, now, as "The Death Trap." One judges from the various disclaimers that it is "nobody's business." Surely there are sufficient Emergency Acts to ensure that such death-traps shall be made safe.—C. S., Pinderfield Road, Wakefield.

Nobody Wants Him!

Air Ministry ads. asked for Morse Procedure Instructors for the R.A.F.

Morse procedure, by the way, is the initial course for intending signallers.

I applied.

I told them that I was a certificated sergeant-major instructor of Army Signals for seven years; staff instructor and lecturer on the principles of magnetism and induction as applied to telegraphy; multiple switchboard operator; late signalmaster in Lloyd's International Signal Service; and am an expert in every form of signalling known, including wireless, morse, semaphore, pyrotechnic, submarine, bell, balls, cones and flares.

They have replied that I "don't possess sufficient qualifications."

At the height of the greatest war in our history, I queue up at a Labour Exchange once a week for 30s.—A. W. Stephens, Ditchling Rise, Brighton 7.

★ This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BRUSH and PAIL DESTINY

JOHN BULL'S TEN-MINUTE STORY

by

W. A. SWEENEY

ave gon to the grossers fer the bakon. Seems its goen up nother tuppens in the poun to deer as it is i ses mrs braggs

HILARY STEEVENS read the cryptic communication that he found where he usually hung his hat, scribbled "I quite agree" at the bottom of it, and proceeded to his studio, whistling.

The message was from his singular domestic Mrs. Braggs. Steevens, a painter of moderate talent, liked nothing so much as silence, and, as Mrs. Braggs behaved as if she were dumb, he found her ideal.

If she had any information to impart to him, she did it by writing on a large piece of paper, in a spelling of extravagant fantasy, and planting it somewhere where he couldn't miss it.

For example, the knowledge that the—

Sittin room chimnays smokin agen bekos that sweep didn haf sweep it las tim jus as i sed

he might find nailed to his studio door by a drawing-pin, or stuck in his overalls, or pinned to his pillow—in all kinds of places, sometimes the most unexpected.

To these missives he would sometimes append a comment and leave it for her, so that they rarely exchanged ten words a year.

His life, considering Mrs. Braggs's admirable qualities of silence, would have been very pleasant had it not been for the models.

For some reason, his models always fell in love with him.

And for a man who loved silence it wearied him so much to have to take his pipe out of his mouth and answer their questions that he had to send them away. Yes, good models had to be sacrificed like this regularly.

He was a bachelor.

Models were necessary to him in his work, but he hated complications.

As soon as he saw the love symptoms developing in a model, he sighed, told her he wouldn't need her any more, and offered her a picture of Richmond in the autumn.

It was always the same picture, for it was always refused, the models finding that the sight of Richmond in the autumn aggravated their love pangs.

As the years passed, Steevens found that the separation process was becoming more difficult. There were scenes.

It was then that he invented "Mrs. Steevens."

The first day a model was in his studio he would lift some object, place it carefully aside, and murmur:

"That's my wife's. She's away at the moment, but I'm expecting her back any day now."

But this ruse, he soon discovered, made little difference in the long run. They fell in love just the same. He seemed to become irresistible with the years.

Then he had his Napoleonic inspiration.

He procured one of those stuffed, faceless mannequins that one sees in dressmakers' windows in the early morning sometimes, before they are dressed, bearing a hideous resemblance to the human figure, garbed it in a cotton skirt, a kind of a long rainproof, a green hat with a red feather (a masterpiece that cost him three-and-ninepence at a sale), and enthroned the whole work of art in a chair, its back to the door.

When the model expelled from Paradise returned recalcitrantly (as they all did), the first thing she saw through the half-open door of the sitting-room was the green hat with the red feather, and while she was kept waiting on the mat by Mrs. Braggs she could hear Steevens saying loudly:

"It's all right, Agatha. I tell you it's only one of my models. Isn't it, Mrs. Braggs? You get such strange ideas, Agatha, really!"

At the front door he would say, in subdued tones, "My wife's just come back. She's a first-rate sort, really, but inclined to be a trifle jealous, you understand, like all Spanish women. . . . Well, what was it you wanted to see me about?"

In circles where models move Steevens soon had a reputation of being an unfortunate whose life was poisoned at intermittent periods by a jealous shrew.

Some of the ladies went so far as to criticise the colour of Mrs. Steevens's eyes and the shape of her nose.

They exchanged stories of how they had seen her arrive unexpectedly, on purpose, the umbrella of vengeance tightly grasped in her hand.

He denied none of these stories, and life flowed on peacefully.

AND then Elsie came to him as a model.

Steevens could see at once that Elsie was different from all the other models he had ever had.

She was one of those little half-portions of girls, and she had a real, genuine gentleness, a warm generous heart, and a most taking kind of humility, like a little lost animal that wants to make itself liked.

She was always ready to help, spoke little, but he would catch her singing often if she happened to be in the studio before him.

She had another trick, that of standing before the canvas and nodding her head in profound admiration, which Steevens found agreeable.

They got on well together, and the work progressed till one day Elsie said:

"You know . . ." and stopped.

"Well, Elsie?"

"I love you."

There was silence.

Steevens went on painting. He must reply in the light and airy vein. No note of seriousness in this. He heaved an inward sigh and said, without looking at her:

"Of course you do. Who wouldn't? And I love you, so there we're all tibbity-boo, eh?"

She said nothing.

Next day he entered the studio (she was there before him, and he had stood awhile outside the door listening to her singing) and his face had an unwonted seriousness.

"Elsie, I shan't be needing you any more for some time now, anyway. I've just had a letter. My wife's coming back to-day. I shall have to devote my time to her now for a while. She's so much away. I shan't be working."

Elsie turned pale and said nothing for a moment. Then:

"All right."

She turned to look for her hat, which she had put off. Her head was bent.

"You'll let me know if you want me—I'll leave my address."

Steevens didn't look at her. This, he was saying to himself, was an unpleasant moment. A hideous moment.

Decidedly, Elsie was not like any other model.

But he must have his liberty, his independence for his work!

He could not be trammelled by a wife. He was a bachelor by vocation. Still, Elsie was certainly different. . . .

"YOU might stay and—and have lunch with me, Elsie," he said, after a while.

She agreed passively. It was not a gay meal, served by the silent Mrs. Braggs, and when it was over and Elsie had gone—he separating from her with a kind of brutal haste—Steevens went upstairs and drew forth the mannequin once more and arranged her in her chair.

Every time a model left he disinterred "Mrs. Steevens," for they nearly all came back, on some pretext or other, for a last talk. Elsie, doubtless, would be like the others. "Mrs. Steevens" duly installed, he went out for a long walk.

When he returned he met Elsie approaching his doorstep from the opposite direction. She was crying softly as she came up to him.

"Elsie!" he cried. "What's the matter? For heaven's sake don't cry like that! My wife is in the house—I don't know what she'd think, you know, if she saw you like this. . . . You don't believe me?

"Look here, I'll go in and when the sitting-room door's half-open you can see from here for yourself. She's just arrived. I came out for some cigarettes. I'm telling you the truth."

He opened the door as he spoke and Elsie stood on the threshold, her eyes red and her heart heavy.

He half-opened the sitting-room door and pointed silently.

The extraordinary expression that came into the girl's tear-stained face made him turn and look, too, into the sitting-room.

The extraordinary expression that came into the girl's tear-stained face made him turn and look, too, into the sitting-room

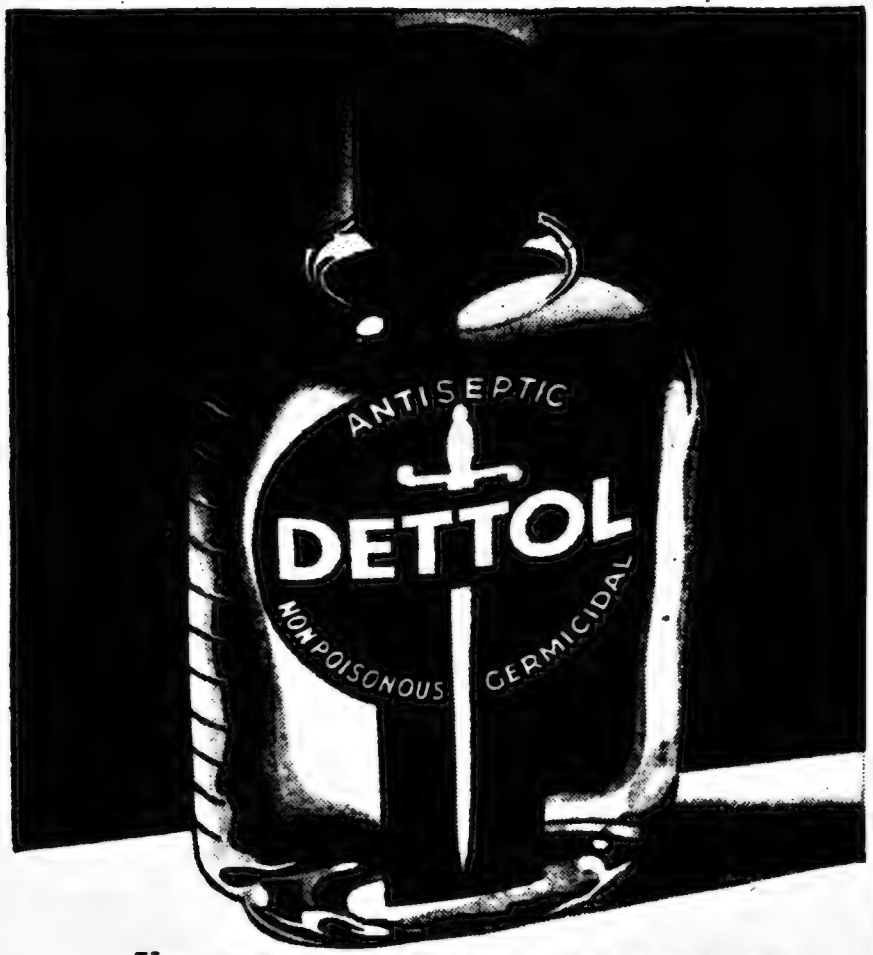
Mrs. Braggs had turned round the mannequin and, seeking, as usual, a prominent, unmissable place to pin one of her messages, had skewered on the back of "Mrs. Steevens's" hat the following dispatch:

Komin back ave gon to the shop roun the korner fer the kidnays befor c kloses.

When Steevens had finished wiping his eyes (and drying Elsie's) he put his arm round her and said:

"This is Providence, dear. She's been assassinated. Will you marry a widower?"

And she did.



You will find it standing in the kitchen cupboard of a cottage remote on the Cornish coast. You will find it in the Dressing-station of a coal-mine in Durham. You will find it in the Consulting-room or Surgery of almost every doctor in the country.

Wherever and whenever the risk of infection threatens, in hospital wards, in maternity homes and in private practice everywhere, 'Dettol' is the chosen weapon of defence. Chosen not only because it is a ruthless killer of germs, but because it is safe and sure and kind to tender human tissue. 2/6

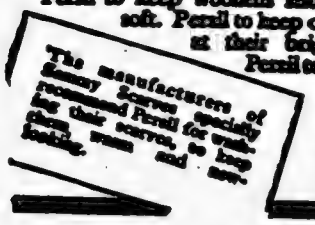
...Is there a bottle in your house?

RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL)

Both carefully washed but

PERSIL WASHES SO GENTLY THAT IT MAKES WOOLLENS LAST LONGER

Women are extra careful about their fine wash now. They're using Persil, and nothing but Persil, because they know it's *safe*. Persil to keep woollens snug and soft. Persil to keep colours at their brightest. Persil to make sure that delicate silks come out like new. It's the oxygen in Persil which gives it such a gentle yet thorough action. Persil is 'the amazing oxygen washer.' *Use Persil always! And if ever you meet with difficulties in washing, drying, ironing or finishing, Mrs. Holiday—Persil's washing experts—will help you, free. Write to the Persil Home Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs.*


The manufacturers of Jimmy Scarves specially recommend Persil for washing their scarves, as keep them soft, warm and fluffy.

2/6

PDR 857-765-98

BRYLCREEM

THE STUFF TO GIVE THE ROOTS

IN HANDY JARS, & BOTTLES 1/2½ Larger bottles 1/9½, 2/1½ and 2/11½ All prices include Purchase Tax

From retailers everywhere also N.A.A.F.I. Canteens

2/6

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, West Twyford, N.W.10

BRYLCREEM — THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

★ HUMANIST *disabuses the minds of two women of some of the nonsense about accents—and tells of a strange dream*

"I cannot help wondering whether, when we are married, this accent of his will not irritate me beyond endurance"

DOES a VOICE KILL LOVE?

LET me consider the problem of a girl who is afraid that a Cockney accent is going to spoil her married happiness.

"We have been engaged for more than a year," she says. "My soldier fiancé now wants us to marry.

"We are good companions; we never quarrel; we have the same interests.

"But my sweetheart's Cockney accent jars so much on my nerves that I'm afraid of our marrying.

"Yet the boy is not a bit like his voice.

"He has charming manners and is fastidious in every way.

"But I find myself listening to his vowels rather than to what he is saying.

"This is especially maddening when he is excited. He speaks more quickly then, and his accent is more pronounced.

"He would be hurt if I told him how I feel.

"I cannot help wondering whether when we are married this accent of his will not irritate me beyond endurance.

"We are both genuinely in love."

I have had letters about other dialects.

A Lancashire man does not like the speech of the South; a girl from the West Country objects to the speech of the Midlands.

But I have no wish to criticise dialect as such. I like to hear it.

No intelligent person objects to dialect due to geography, the regional variations of English.

The other, due to social class, is most worrying.

Such accents may be a serious handicap.

I AM not pleading for "refaned" speech, or affectations of any sort.

The man who pronounces "tame" as "time" is no more wrong than the man who reverses the process and asks, "What tame is it?"

Any man can improve his speech quite easily if he takes the trouble. He could join an amateur dramatic society or take lessons in public speaking.

But the girl would have to be tactful.

She missed an excellent opportunity months ago, when "Pygmalion" was showing at the cinemas.

She should also consider the possibility that the man may be able to criticise her speech. It is hardly likely that she is perfect.

Criticisms flung out in a moment of exasperation rarely do any good. They should only be made in the friendliest way, and the critic should be ready to receive as well as to offer.

I think for the man's own good as well as the girl's the subject should be discussed.

Another letter on the same subject comes from a mother who is having trouble with her six-year-old son.

"We have moved from the coast to an inland reception area," she says, "and the place is full of children from London.

"Previous to this my boy had six months in a modern school and he could read really well. Words have always appealed to him, and sounds either fascinated or frightened him.

"His new school is old fashioned.

"The boy is happy enough, but he is a different child.

"He is speaking with a terrible accent and gives the impression that he comes from an illiterate home.

"He used to speak so well that I was proud of him. Now I dread meeting anyone new, because he lets me down so badly.

"I am not a snob.

"I believe that the teaching in elementary schools is the best training for a secondary school at the age of eleven, when I hope he will gain a scholarship.

"Do you think that this new accent will cling to him all his life?

"If so, I shall have to send him somewhere else, but I don't like sending him to a private school."

Many mothers who have taken evacuated London children into their homes are faced with a similar problem.

Young children, always quick to imitate, can pick up a new accent in a few hours.

While it is a new "accomplishment" the boy will practise it constantly, but when the novelty has worn off the mother will hear less of it. The boy will speak one language at home; another in school.

The mother should look at the problem from the boy's point of view.

He would hate to be different from his school-mates, because that involves being mimicked. He naturally adopts their "lingo" to "belong."

NOW for another letter about a dream that foretold the future.

"Searching for work in London, I saw nothing but notices saying, 'No Hands Wanted,'" says a woman.

"Then one night I dreamt that I was working in a toy factory.

"The building was in a London alleyway.

"I was working near some sewing-machines, and, looking out of the window, I saw a big courtyard with a bridge stretched across and a library on the bridge.

"I could see people searching among the shelves.

"Several weeks went by, and then I heard of a suitable vacancy.

"I was interviewed at a side door, and was told to wait there next morning, when the forewoman would show me to the workshop.

"Imagine my surprise when I was placed by some sewing-machines before a window. When I looked out there was the big courtyard and the bridge stretching across—as I had seen it in my dream.

"I could see people searching for things on the shelves. The girl next to me said, 'That's a library over there where you are looking.'

"It was all exactly as I had foreseen it!"

Numbers of people, visiting new places, have had a feeling that they have been there before.

Scientists have a theory that may well explain the origin of the feeling, but this simple letter is different.

Several weeks elapsed between the dream and the workaday experience.

We can all look back on scenes we have left behind.

Only occasionally do we get a glimpse of what is ahead of us.

Perhaps it is just as well.

★★★★★ENDURANCE★★★★★

WE HAVE ENDURED! There is no one who will that fact gainsay, but to those who face a thousand ills there comes that blazing day, when all the thunder and the hate, the storm, the blast, the fire sink into a Tumult spent in the face of the Right Desire, to answer these things one by one, to underline and thumb. We Have Endured, God Knows We Have, but the Torturer's Time will Come.

WE HAVE ENDURED things which no doubt will leave their searing mark, things which when spoken seem to turn the face of the Speaker dark, with agony which when men see, they stand aghast and pray, but we have Endured and we will show All Sufferers the way; to give the Brave Reply, and thus confound the Bitterest Foe. We Have Endured, and Enduring Still, will Deliver the Final Blow.

WE HAVE ENDURED the foulest lies, the steady stream, the craft, the upheaval, and the avalanche, and the night skies' Red Death-Shaft. The calculated nerve strain of the crouch and delayed spring, We Have Endured all these things and have still kept the power to sing.

WE HAVE ENDURED because the Faith of God is in our souls, that is the Unseen Column that brings us to our goals. That is our Secret Weapon which never, never fails, that is the Conquering Wind of Heaven that fills our Victorious Sails. That is the Star that never sets, however Dark Life's Night, and that is the Secret of Our Strength and OUR ENDURING MIGHT.

J. M.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST *tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, mentioning your name).*

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● Some people just can't escape bad luck. Henry Peiter, who lives in Surrey, is one. It has dogged him since he was "demobbed" in 1918. First he suffered a serious motor-cycle accident, losing a leg. Eighteen operations, and two years in bed, left him a complete cripple with immovable hips and shoulder. His wife cannot work owing to deformity. His three sons are under twelve.

No compensation having been received for the terrible accident, they struggled along with a small business and now the war has compelled them to close *that*.

The fight against illness and direst poverty goes on.

Will our generous readers send one bright ray into their dark world?

Donations should be earmarked "Cripple," and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent when addresses are given. Subscription lists can be seen at this office or will be forwarded on application. Nothing is deducted for administration expenses.

TO THE HOUSEWIVES OF BRITAIN

PLEASE FINISH TRAVELLING BY 4 O'CLOCK

..and leave the buses, trams and trains free for war workers

Issued by the Ministry of Transport and the Ministry of Labour and National Service

Where are those Reckitt's Bath Cubes

The best of everything is good enough for Father. He says a bath without a Reckitt's Pine Cube is only half a bath. Such a simple thing to do, what a benefit it brings!

One cube, and tap-water becomes alkaline, stimulating, soft and fragrant with pine. And as you relax, muscles are freed, tension is eased and the toxic acid waste from millions of lazy pores is neutralised and dispersed.

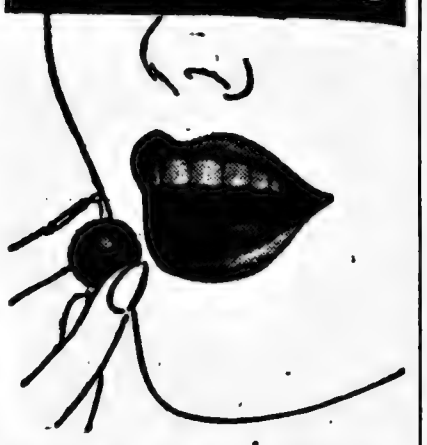
The aches he brought from town are quickly soothed away. An all over tonic, what a change it makes. What a sensible thing to do.

Lavender · Lily of the Valley · Verbena · Essence of Flowers

Pine Cubes for men

RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON

Open up for MALTESERS



Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty *and* give you food value besides. Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

2½D ALSO IN 7D BOXES

DEFENCE

We are constantly being attacked— not only by the Blitzkrieg, which we can and will face—but by hosts of insidious foes in the shape of germs, varying in strength and deadliness. It is up to us all in these days to defend ourselves against these assaults, to ward off disease and ailments, especially 'FLU, and so fortify body and mind to face and overcome whatever trials may lie ahead. YESTAMIN, with its disease-resisting B Vitamins, its freedom from drugs, is your surest defence — the most powerful medium for promoting health of body with stability of mind. No practical natural substance contains the amount of B1 and B2 Vitamins (non-existent in white bread and generally destroyed in cooked foods) found in dried yeast—of which YESTAMIN is a finest and purest example.

Start taking YESTAMIN now—it will only cost you a penny a day.

..against NERVE STRAIN DEPRESSION INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION CHILLS FLU!

Of all Chemists.

YESTAMIN

Vitamin Yeast Tablets

49 for 7d. 100 for 1/1½ 225 for 2/3

Prices include Tax

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO. LTD., FELTON-ON-TYNE.

There's all the difference in the world between a smile that's dull and one that's brilliant. Irium, Pepsodent's newly discovered cleanser, makes the difference. Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly *your* teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before!

PEPSODENT

THE *IRIUM* DENTIFRICE

What do I do...

if I find bombs, mines or bits of aircraft?

I DO NOT TOUCH THEM, but report them immediately to the police.

I remember that lives have been lost through tampering with objects which contain explosives.

I remember too that even things which may not be explosive often provide the authorities with information which may be very important.

Cut this out — and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

BATTLING PIT-BOY

★ Tramp, hotel "boots," waiter, billiards marker, navvy—these are some of the stages through which Tommy Farr passed in his rise from pit-boy to punch king. His tribulations and achievements are told in this intimate pen-portrait

By A. W. HELLIWELL

The characteristic that urged Tommy Farr past all obstacles to the heights of his profession is the one usually attributed to his friend the bulldog

ORIGINAL and expensive water colours decorate the pastel-shaded walls of the room. The carpet is rich and heavy; the chairs fat and softly-cushioned.

In a far corner a huge combination radio-gramophone-television cabinet murmurs a soothing background to conversation.

I look at Thomas George Paul Farr, and I try to bridge the gap between this confident, wealthy, travelled young man, in his loose-fitting clothes of American cut, and the shabby, dispirited youth who set out to tramp from Clydach Vale to London with a crust of stale bread and a hunk of cheese in one pocket of his threadbare coat.

His Wildest Dream

I listened to Tommy talking of the Park Avenue apartment he rented in New York, of his chauffeur and his valet, and I think of the young pit-boy whose wildest dream was to be rich enough to have an early morning cup of tea in bed!

Down the passage there is a bathroom, magnificent in the Hollywood manner—a glittering contrast to the old tin tub in which he used to squat and scrub the coal dust from his skin.

I picture him walking the streets of London with the rain water squelching through the thin soles of his boots, sleeping on a rat-infested Thames barge, looking in vain for a job, and reflect that the sapphire-set white-gold ring he wears would have kept him for many months in those dark days.

Farr, just back from the States after his title fight with Louis, shows me with pride the thin gold cigarette case and the gold wrist watch, which, like the ring, are gifts from admirers.

He tells me of the half a dozen suits, the two overcoats, the silk shirts presented to him by grateful Mike Jacobs.

Tommy, at the time of this meeting—some three years or more ago—was sitting on top of the world.

He had by his spectacular defeats of Max Baer and Walter Neusel and his magnificent display against Louis boosted the prestige of British boxing sky high. For although he had lost to the negro champion, Farr had fought so gamely that all America had hailed him as the greatest ambassador of sport since the days when his little fellow-countryman, Jimmy Wilde, was campaigning there.

Yet I could remember him, not so long before, a very embittered young man, seeking in vain for recognition.

That was Farr as I knew him—a young man with a chip on his shoulder, grim, dour and slow of speech, grumbling that no one would give him a chance.

He talked so bitterly that I almost wrote him up as the boxer who wanted to fight the whole world.

Instead, thinking that this, perhaps, would not be fair, I told the story of his heartbreaking struggle, of how he had worked as a hotel boots, a waiter, a billiards marker and a navvy since leaving the coal mines to seek his fortune as a fighter.

Unfriendly Obscurity

For many years Farr wandered in cold and unfriendly obscurity. No one would give him a break.

Door after door was shut in his face. It was no wonder that he grew up a sort of "stormy petrel" of the ring.

As a young man he walked from South Wales to London, setting out with nothing but a crust of bread and a square of cheese in his pockets. He arrived weak and half-starved, so that it was not surprising that promoters he approached shook their heads.

And as he tramped the streets, friendless and alone, a great bitterness began to grow in the heart of the young Welshman.

He earned a few shillings working with a demolition gang in North London, and when the last of this money was spent he drifted down to the Embankment and slept on a dirty Thames barge for several nights.

Down one side of Farr's nose runs a ragged blue scar. Others matching it are on his arms and legs—permanent souvenirs of a pit accident years ago—and although the hardships that have followed left no physical scars, Tommy will never forget them.

People who do not understand this are apt to misjudge him. Meeting Farr in an atmosphere of luxury and ease, they forget the long and heartbreaking struggle of his early years.

Tommy can be the most likeable, generous and good-natured fellow in the world when he is in the mood.

His sudden outbursts of anger, his bitter tirades mean nothing. The next moment will find him full of regrets.

American sportswriters soon discovered this.

Farr did not understand their boisterous technique. Their wisecracks and familiarities got him on the raw, and more than once he chased them from his dressing-room, and even took a swing at particular offenders.

They Disliked Him

He so antagonised them that many columnists went so far as to express in print their fond hopes that Louis would not finish the fight too quickly, but would give the fresh Welshman a good hiding before he knocked him out.

Yet to-day Farr hasn't a single enemy among American pressmen.

They have all eulogised him, not only as a great and game fighter, but a prince of good fellows. Indeed, so completely did the big, fair-haired Welshman win their hearts that the more fights he lost the more popular he became!

Farr did not win a fight in the States.

He lost to Louis, Braddock, Baer, Burman and Nova, but with each reverse his popularity increased, and it is a certainty that if he went back to-morrow promoters would be fighting to bid for his services.

Against Louis, Farr was magnificent. He went into the ring dourly determined to prove the world wrong. One of his outstanding characteristics has always been that criticism brings out the perverse and obstinate streak in his make-up. I am sure he would have died fighting rather than quit.

As it was, he went the whole fifteen rounds with a man the experts predicted would win in a couple.

Farr's brilliant defensive work exposed the champion's limitations, and, although he could produce no big punch to shake Louis, Tommy often had the negro puzzled.

Louis shuffled out with his deadly right fist cocked ready for immediate murder, but it remained so long in that position that he must have developed cramp in it, so little opportunity did Farr give him to use it.

That was a great and memorable night in the career of the British champion, but I shall always rank as a far finer performance his spectacular defeat of Walter Neusel, the supposedly invulnerable "Iron Man" from Germany.

Slow-moving, massively built, it looked impossible to stop him with anything less than a bullet. He shook off the effects of punches like a great dog emerging from the water, and kept walking forward, grim, relentless, inescapable.

Then he met Farr, a new triumphant Farr fresh from winning the British title from Foord and out-pointing Baer.

Ribbentrop, then German Ambassador here, was at the ringside deep in conversation with swarthy Max Schmeling. He was there, I'll wager, to gloat over the spectacle of Neusel thrashing another Britisher.

Heil!—and Farewell

Neusel, ducking under the ropes, wearing already that unhappy, woe-begone expression he always adopted in the ring, solemnly raised his right hand in the Nazi salute to his Ambassador. Ribbentrop returned the gesture and settled himself comfortably in his seat.

Less than ten minutes later Harringay Arena was ringing with the inspiring chorus of "Land of my fathers," as thousands of wildly excited Welshmen hailed their hero!

Neusel had fought according to the plan he always adopted.

Placing his faith in his enormous strength and endurance, he had lumbered to meet Farr, intent on wearing him down with tremendous whacks and wallops about the body.

But Tommy, boxing like a world beater, was too fast for him.

While the German's gloves flailed the air, Farr's left jabbed his fair head back again and again

For two rounds Farr scored repeatedly with his straight left, but those of us who had seen Neusel before knew that he could soak up such punishment like a sponge.

At the beginning of the third round he came out rather faster and swung viciously at Farr's ribs.

It was then that Tommy, stepping inside, hooked Neusel hard with his left and then slammed home a right, and the incredible happened.

Helpless on Canvas

The German, paralysed it seemed by these two blows, sank helplessly into a sitting position on the canvas, and there, dolefully shaking his head and making feeble movements with his legs, he remained until he was counted out and carried back to his corner.

Hitler, who must have been furious at this blow to Nazi prestige—although we never regarded it in this light in those days—immediately issued orders that Farr must be brought to Germany to fight Schmeling.

I suppose the idea was to provide a Roman holiday for Berliners, for it was very certain that had Farr made the journey he would never have been permitted to win.

Instead, of course, he more or less thumbed his nose at Hitler and went off to America to challenge Louis.

And, if I were Tommy, the fact that I had once shown Adolf that he wasn't dictator to the whole world would be my happiest memory!

The Last Laugh

D. B. (Clapham).—"A crooner has been performing in some London air-raid shelters." This shows once again that as a city we can take it.

T. Y. (Keyingham).—"When is a man weakest?" When a lovely woman is telling him how strong he is.

F. N. (Braintree).—"I was surprised to find soup, stew, trifle and coffee on the menu." You wanted a clean one?

J. W. (Frinton-on-Sea).—"I can never understand why I get ticked off so frequently by the boss, for I always pursue my tasks with great diligence." Maybe you never quite catch up with them.

F. M. (Yarmouth).—"What can a man do when spring cleaning comes and his wife starts clearing out all the cupboards and drawers?" Clear out, too, as quickly as possible.

P. L. (Cranbrook).—"When I get married, do you think I shall have to give up a lot?" *The* lot, very likely.

L. T. (Loughborough).—"I may say that I always write exactly as I feel." Poor chap; you must be feeling pretty bad.

F. L. (New Barnet).—"What do you think I did when the tempter kept fluttering a pound note in front of my eyes?" Blinked.

H. M. (Thetford).—"I am anxious to be able to defend my own home. What is the best way to learn to shoot?" Straight.

IVOR (Pontypool).—"I don't know whether to become a poet or a painter." Become a painter—we've read some of your poems.

M. E. (Littlehampton).—"I have a rich uncle whom I have never seen." We suppose one of his assistants has always given you your pawnticket.

J. W. (Purley).—"I have found olive oil very useful for dressing the head. How do you dress yours?" We don't. We exhibit it in the nude.

A. G. (Portmadoc).—"A dry cough is a very dangerous thing." Especially when it comes from an employer listening to an employee's excuse for being late.

J. H. (Pendine).—"I gave a tramp a piece of my home-made pie a few weeks ago, and ever since he's been sending his friends round to me." Perhaps you've made an error—they may be his enemies.

P. E. (Witham).—"We've had to move into a very tiny flat, but my wife hasn't said a word about the inconveniences of the place. She's a good sport." Well, perhaps there's no room for complaint.

B. V. (Horncastle).—"My boy friend would be a marvellous dancer but for two things, but I won't bore you with details." We can guess what the two things are—but the poor fellow must have 'em to walk on.

S. H. (Cleethorpes).—"My puppy is a cross between a peke and a poodle. Do you think he could be used for shooting?" Well, it's hardly his fault, is it?

K. G. (Carmarthen).—"My little son learned recently that a mole eats exactly as much as it weighs. Is this a fact?" We don't know—we're puzzled how a mole knows what it weighs.

H. A. (Blantyre).—"Don't you think it is the best policy to always speak the truth?" Yes—unless you are an exceptionally good liar!

Mrs. M. (Edgware).—"If I don't put his Welsh rarebit under the grill my husband scolds me." So *you* get browned off instead.

C. P. (Royston).—"My wife has remarked how cleverly the hedges are clipped next door." What are you going to do about it? Lose your shears?

S. T. (Bolsover).—"I'm in that unfortunate position where I cannot make light of my troubles." But at any rate you can keep them dark.

Mrs. T. (Appleby).—"My husband, who is a keen entomologist, takes photographs of butterflies during the summer months." See letter below.

Mr. T. (Appleby).—"I have a marvellous collection of photographs of bathing belles which my wife has never seen." See letter above.

D. N. (Knockholt).—"It now costs 2½d. to send a letter." But, as we Editors know, what do early cuckoo-hearers care?

S. G. B. (Hatherleigh).—"Sharkskin used for shoes will keep the wet out." This is not surprising. Sharks have always found it waterproof.

MICK (Ashburton).—"My wife can talk fluently on any given subject." So you've got to be jolly careful not to give her one?

(Side-Slips : See page 12)

"Hey! What the (CENSORED)*! Why the 'ell don't yer take up Darts?"*

WINTER **CHILLS**

"I was in bed with a heavy cold—but Phensic has done wonders for me." S.O., London, N.W.8

Try 2 tablets of Phensic yourself!

Colds 'Flu

WINTER **ILLS**

"Never before have I had such quick relief from lumbago." L.P., London, W.8.

Two tablets of Phensic will rid you of your pain too!

rheumatic pain neuralgia backache

you need Phensic

If you have never tried Phensic DO SO NOW. It cannot harm the heart—and it is the quickest and the safest remedy for the relief of Colds, Chills and all Nerve or Muscular Pains. Prices: 3½d., 7d., 1/5, 2/3 and 5/8 (incl. Purchase Tax).

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

Thousands of Doctors have said—

"I KNOW WHAT WOULD CURE YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

—if only your blood could absorb it"

What those thousands of Doctors mean is, SULPHUR. Sulphur, because most skin afflictions are caused by impurities in the blood, and Sulphur is **the greatest blood purifier known.** Till now, only the tiniest fraction of all the Sulphur you have taken has ever reached your blood. Why? Because you cannot digest it.

Doctors realised that once a fully digestible and fully assimilable form of Sulphur were discovered, **skin suffering would be conquered for good.** This is what has now happened. A famous chemist has discovered the first assimilable Sulphur ever known. 'Sibsul,' as it has been named, is a medical dream come true. You digest it like food. It brings the great power of this wonderful element into the blood for the first time **at full strength.** Think what this means. It sweeps skin diseases and the blood impurities causing them completely out of the system with a swiftness that has dumbfounded even those Doctors who expected spectacular results. Look at the times of cure taken from some of the 40,000 cases already successfully treated. They enable a remarkable guarantee to be made to YOU. Here it is—

You shall see the clearing up of your SKIN TROUBLE By APRIL 19 or the Trial Treatment shall not cost you a penny!

This guarantee means just what it says. You shall experience the results that Doctors have described as 'spectacular' **or you pay nothing.** You shall have proof in the only way that matters—on your own body! The guarantee applies to YOU, whether your trouble is a maddening rash, painful sores, disfiguring outbreaks, blotches, spots or ulcers. There has never been such a guarantee before. Send the application form NOW for full particulars of how you can treat yourself, in your own home, with this wonderful discovery, without risking a penny!

—— POST NOW—Send No Money ——

To SOLUBLE SULPHUR Ltd., 69, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Without obligation, please tell me how I can end my skin trouble under the terms of your guarantee.

Name.....
(In BLOCK letters; state Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

NOTE.—*If you care to enclose a 2½d. stamp for postage, it will be greatly appreciated.* JOHN BULL 29/3/41

THE SWIFTNESS OF SIBSUL

ECZEMA	Conquered in 14 DAYS.
PIMPLES	Cured in 1 WEEK.
DERMATITIS	Cured in 14 DAYS. Everything normal.
ACHE	Cleared after 14 DAYS.
ULCER	Clear, healthy flesh in 2 WEEKS.
IMPETIGO	All trace gone in 14 DAYS.

These reports are taken from among the many thousands of testimonials to be seen at our consulting rooms.

EMERGENCY ARRANGEMENTS

'Sibsul' is British made in London. Wide stocks are now held in another part of the country, ready for any emergency. Should the necessity arise treatment will be carried on from alternative premises now in readiness outside the Capital. The work of healing must go on.

SMOKERS' 'FUR' IS IT RUINING YOUR TEETH?

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it — Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid tonight. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES. Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness. Sold everywhere. 7½d., 3/4d. and 1/10½d. a tube (including Purchase Tax). 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PRIZES WELL OVER

£250 WON THIS WEEK!

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,262
R. BAWDEN, "Brackdale," Beacon Hill, Camborne, Cornwall.
Example: WHAT WINSTON SAYS
Bullet: LIKE "BRASSHEART"—AND KEEP FIRE!

£20 Second Prize: B. Giles, Greenway, Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts.
Example: The Mother Country
Bullet: Blooded Out—Still "Bonnie."

£10 Third Prize: C. D. Hearn, "Treaco," Tyning Road, Saltford, Nr. Bristol. (Entered on Prize Coupon).
Example: Patriots
Bullet: Put "*Hearth*" Before "*Arm-Chair*."

100s.: F. Platt, 8a, Spring Lane, Lees, Oldham.
To-day's Problem—Changing Y Going to-beef's "Beg"!

80s.: C. E. Bainham, 120, Dock Road, Newport, Mon.
Smith's A Hero, But—Still "Stout" That Doesn't.

60s.: J. O. Jones, 49, Stalcherone Rd., Aigburth, Liverpool, 19.
Gleaning Up—Hitler, But "Duckling's" Coming.

40s.: Mrs. D. Brown, 20, City Road, Brechin, Angus.
Heard In The "Blitz"—"Help!" So Blitz Unheard.

30s.: A. Hunter, 667, Gt. Horton Road, Bradford.
Making Roads Safe—Restore Wits—*Reduce* "Slaughter"!

35s.: G. J. Smith, 29, Byron Avenue, Coulsdon, Surrey.
Brand—Humble Pies—Food's "King."

37s.: L. H. Davies, Pynes, 12, Bilford Avenue, Haslemere, Surrey.
John Citizen Wants—"Voice," So Obeying Sergeant!

WIN CASH & RADIO THIS WEEK!

36s.: M. Rowlings, "Belmont," St. Erth Station, Hayle, Cornwall.
Spectre Of Defeat—Bringing Germans "Chains," Hanen.

35s.: C. Kenyon, 37, Greatbarrs Street, Bromley.
What Winston Says—Enhances "Hurtled" Woollen Withdrawn.

34s.: J. Butt, 47, Leigh Road, Westbury, Wilts.
To-day's Gesso—Standard? "Yellow" Inside, Anyway!

33s.: L. A. Marlow, 4, Glendale Gardens, N. Wembley.
(Entered on Prize Coupon).
The Police—Also "Wonderful" Over London.

32s.: Gunner B. H. Bruce, 499, Batt. R.A., H.Q. (Somewhere-in-Britain).
Spectre Of Defeat—Blasting Hitler, Laughs Clears!

31s.: L. Skinner, "Rutli," Chanctonbury Chase, Redhill, Surrey.
Shape Of Things To Come—But Demonstrating, Dented Tankard!

A List of 4 Winners of 30s. and 30 Winners of 25s. can be seen at these offices. The 20 Bonuses value £1 and 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.
Coupon on right—but entries on plain paper equally eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,267, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

I want YOU for the Army of Bullets Prize winners
£250 WAITING TO BE WON
PRIZES Value over
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
1st PRIZE £100 plus RADIO
100's 80's 60's 40's 39's 37's 35's
34's 32's 2d30's
100 Surprise Awards Value 5/-
1,000 MERIT AWARDS
Last Day to Post MONDAY, APRIL 7.
WIN with the BIG NEW COUPON PROVIDED
BELOW

TO WIN a "BULLETS" PRIZE—ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

CHEQUES galore and other prizes as well are waiting to be won by "Bulleteers" this week. You can win your share of this great distribution, for there is nothing difficult about making a *Bullet*..

Simply jot down a few rough comments against any of the *Examples*, drawing on your own everyday experience and observation of life. Then boil each comment down to TWO, THREE or FOUR words neatly phrased and aptly fitting the *Example* chosen. The latest *Bullets* prize-winners on left will show you just how easily such efforts can win prizes.

Now turn to the *Examples* and win YOUR £100 plus Radio First Prize!

IN BRITAIN'S WORKSHOP	DAD'S BLACK EYE
THANKS TO ROOSEVELT	HUMBLE PIE
OUR WEAKNESS	FOR THE BRAVE
LEST WE FORGET	PLENTIFUL
GOOD OMEN	ON A PEDESTAL
HAND IN HAND	LIKE A BABY
IN THE CANTEEN	HELPLESS
WON'T DO	SLEEP ON IT AND
WASTE OF TIME	SEEDS OF SUCCESS
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE	WOKE UP THE VILLAGE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

INVITING	KEEPS ..... QUIET
MAN BEHIND THE	TO ..... THE ENEMY
FISHING FOR	STRONGER THAN .....

EXTRA AWARDS—VALUE UP TO £24
Each of the 42 chief winners who entered 4 or more *Bullets* for this contest will receive a special Bonus Award value 10/-.

ENTRY-FEE
Enclose P.O. or loose stamps of the rate of 6d. for each 2 *Bullets* entered—2 efforts FREE with every 4 paid.

DON'T MISS YOUR "BULLETS" BULLETIN
You are invited to affix 1d. stamp in space provided and thus make sure of your "Bullets" Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 3,500-Word Guide to success.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....
Address .....

1,267 NEW Closing Postmark MON., APRIL 7.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

MAKE YOUR EXTRA ENTRIES ON PLAIN PAPER Send FOUR extra "Bullets" for further entry-fee of 6d. only, thus obtaining TWO FREE.

FREE RADIOS for FIRE WATCHERS, other CIVIL DEFENCE POSTS and for HOME GUARDS!

DO you belong to a Fire Watching Party, to any other of the Civil Defence Services, or to the Home Guard? If so, go "all out" to win a prize of 30s. or over in this week's Competition No. 1,267. Such success for you will then mean that the Post at which you serve will benefit by "John Bull's" Presentation offer of a FREE RADIO or other needed equipment.

HURRY for this FINAL OFFER!

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/3.

HARD WORK for Shank's Pony!

It's pretty costly on feet and on footwear these days. And yet you can be sure of a real saving in leather—make certain your shoes are repaired with Dri-ped. Dri-ped is the leather that lasts twice as long; what's more it's waterproof.

Insist on DRI-PED leather for your next shoe repair

Why be DEAF?

INTRODUCING THE NEW **INVISAID**

The New self-adjusting auricle
NO BATTERIES—NO WIRES—NO UPKEEP

THIS WEEK 20/- Single 35/- Pair Instead of £4 4 0

The Greatest small Deaf Aid yet designed. Can be worn out of sight behind the ear. No headband. Clear natural tone. Sells at the phenomenally low price of 35/- for a pair and 20/- for a single. The greatest bargain ever. SEND NO MONEY.

FREE 30 Days' Free Home Trial

D. & J. HILL, LTD., Dept. J.B.8, 245, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

"SILF"

Brand Obesity Tablets

Reduced Bust - 8 inches
Reduced Hips - 6 inches
Reduced Waist 9 inches

Grateful Lady says:—
"Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st., 7 lb. My measurements were: Bust, 42 ins.; Hips, 42 ins.; and Waist, 34 ins. Now my measurements are: Bust, 34 ins.; Hips, 36 ins.; and Waist, 25 ins.; so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE STOUT—no need to starve yourself, take dangerous drugs, nor pursue body-straining exercises. Just take SILF Brand OBESITY TABLETS—the SURE and safe way to SLIMNESS. 'Silf' improves your health as it also keeps your weight down. Guaranteed harmless.

All Chemists, 1/9, 3/4½ and 5/7½ Per Box (including Purchase Tax), or post free by sending the price to THE SILF CO. LTD. (Dept. 66F) 39b, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1

(These prices do not apply to Eire). No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

YOUR DEFENCE AND SURE REMEDY

In cases of
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SKIN COMPLAINTS, ULCERS, SORES, RHEUMATIC JOINTS, ECZEMA, RASHES, BOILS, PIMPLES and VARICOSE VEINS.

THE REASON WHY

Blood Impurities poison the whole system, lower vitality and weaken the powers of resistance.

"Clarkes Blood Mixture" is the commonsense remedy; by cleansing the blood of impurities it gets to the root of your complaint and restores you to health.

This famous medicine is unequalled in the treatment of blood and skin complaints.

Insist on
"CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE."

The original and genuine Blood Purifying Medicine.

Sold everywhere
In LIQUID or
TABLET FORM.

"CLARKES" BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE BLOOD MIXTURE

Fortify your Kidneys!

HARD AT WORK in the Battle Shops, workers make the common mistake of neglecting their aches and pains.

Under present conditions most people are easy victims to kidney complaints. Overwork and worry greatly increase the task of nature's filters. If they become congested and slacken, harmful impurities remain in the system and are carried by the blood stream to all parts of the body, setting up

Backache, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, Lumbago, Rheumatic Pains, Getting up at Night, Renal Dropsy.

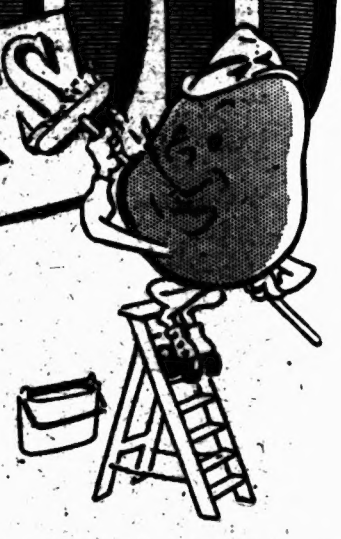
Don't wait to be laid up! Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine gives sluggish kidneys the help they need, cleansing and stimulating them to renewed activity and health. You can rely upon Doans. They have helped thousands! Why not you?

1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS ®
Backache Kidney Pills

FOOD FACTS

Number 23



SPRING ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

SPRING cleaning takes it out of you—and the only way to put it back is to see that you choose energy-making foods. Here is a meal that won't take much more time to get ready than a cup of tea but which will give you real staying-power.

All you need is one good-sized *potato, seasoning, small nut of dripping,* a *thick frying-pan.*

Chop up the raw potato, melt the dripping in the frying-pan and then spread the potato all over the pan. Press it down firmly into the fat and season well. Then cover with a lid or plate and leave to cook very gently for about ½ hour. So long as the pan is thick and the heat low, you can then leave it to cook itself. When you dish it up, the under-side of potato will be a golden brown.

If you've more time to spare (maybe it is not *your* spring-cleaning week yet), you might like to try

Farmhouse Pudding

You need 8 *oz. flour,* 2 *oz. grated raw potato,* 2 *oz. suet, a pinch of salt and just enough cold water to mix to a soft dough.* Roll out into a neat oval. Spread with 1 lb. chopped root vegetables (whatever you have), salt and pepper and either 1 rasher of bacon finely diced or a sprinkling of gravy powder. Roll up, either in margarine papers or a floured cloth and steam for about two hours (potatoes and greens can be steamed at the same time). Or you can boil the pudding in a jam jar with a margarine paper cover. Serve with brown gravy or parsley sauce. Quantities given make enough for four people—a patriotic pudding that will give them energy and vitamins in a way they will like.

Those stand-by stores

Look at your dried stores: flour, cereals, pulses, baking powder and so on, to make sure that they are still in good condition and as dry underneath as on top. It is a good plan and saves space to hang dried goods in sacks or bags.

IT'S A LITTLE THING BUT...

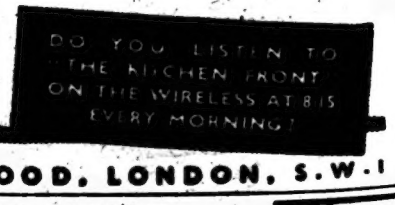
You can use your bacon rinds twice. Frizzle them in the pan *before* putting in the bacon for extra fat. Then take them out and keep for flavouring soups . . .

TIN TURNOVER

Don't forget that sardines, or any fish canned in oil, should be turned over every few weeks so that the oil doesn't get a chance to drain through and leave the top fish dry.

JAMBOREE

If you've any home-made jams, are they dated and the newest ones stored at the back, so that the older stock is used up first? Any sugar crystals that have formed on top will dissolve easily. You just put the jars, topless, into a pan of hot water to reach ¾ up the jars, and simmer. Of course any mould (caused by an air-leak in the sealing) should be skimmed off, before putting on new tops. The mould won't have spoiled the jam underneath. When you have finished a jar of jam always pour in a tablespoonful of hot water, stir until every scrap of jam left on the bottom and sides is dissolved. Use this liquid for puddings or sauces. You can do the same with sauce bottles.



THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland, 12s. 2d. per annum, Abroad, 12s. per annum. Postage: Inland, 1½d.; Abroad, 1d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. By way of Trade, JOHN BULL shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of except at the full retail price of 2d. Nor shall it be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover, or affixed to or no part of any publication or advertising, literary, or pictorial matter whatever.

F. 93 | J.B.L. 169 | * 158